

THE GRAMOPHONE

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By THE EDITOR

I MUST own to wishing that our readers did not have a morbid passion for lists of selected records. When I look at the excerpts from my past criticisms with which every month F Sharp administers to old discs a kind of literary glissoline, these bygone superlatives of mine fill me with gloom, and now I suppose that I am expected to provide a list of best records for 1926. I wonder how it will work out if, instead of reading through the back files of THE GRAMOPHONE or the fifty odd monthly bulletins issued by the recording companies, I try to remember some of the outstanding performances of the year. Of course, that will mean the omission of reference numbers, and it is astonishing how much importance readers seem to attach to my giving the reference numbers of discs. Yet really I might be spared this fatiguing, exasperating, and finikin task. Looking back at the past year I have no hesitation in saying that the Wagner orchestral records conducted by Albert Coates and issued by His Master's Voice have given me more personal enjoyment than any others. Of these, I should choose first *Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine*, and secondly, the *Tristan Prelude*, but I should prefer the Columbia records of the *Tannhäuser Overture* conducted by Mengelberg to any of the H.M.V. *Tannhäuser* excerpts. I think the Expert Committee would vote for the *Cockaigne Overture* as the most realistic orchestral recording, though the *Dance Macabre* conducted by Stokowski had not appeared when they were at Jethou. I have made up my mind not to give an alpha plus to any orchestral recording which *requires* a fibre needle. This may seem arbitrary, but I am satisfied that when I find myself driven by genuine necessity to use fibre the tone still leaves much to be desired. Now, at present with the exception of the *Tannhäuser Overture* and *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* all the Columbia orchestral records are better played with fibre, just as at present without exception all chamber music, whatever company records it, is better with fibre. And this does not mean that I have abandoned steel needles. It

means that no piece of recorded chamber music up to the moment of writing these lines has been completely successful. The nearest to complete success was achieved in the Schubert *B minor Trio*; but I believe I should prefer that on fibre could I find any fibre needle capable of standing up to Casal's 'cello, which so far has smashed every needle I have tried it with in the first minute. Luckily, in the Mendelssohn *Trio in C minor* issued by Columbia in November, Lionel Tertis's viola is kinder to fibre, and the performance can be listened to with a pleasure that with steel is impossible. The same is true of the Columbia *Death and the Maiden Quartet (D minor)*. With fibre it is delightful, with steel impossible. Judged merely as a performance, I think I look back with most pleasure to the Haydn *Quartet in G (H.M.V.)* given by the Budapest Quartet, but the Lener performance in the Schubert *D minor (Col.)* was remarkable. For a piece of lovely music I think my vote must go to the two Columbia discs of the *Kleine Nacht Musik* of Mozart. Other Columbia discs that stand out in my memory are those very remarkable ones of the Russian Balalaika Orchestra, and a very fine mandolin disc of the Circolo Mandolinistico (I think).

Of old style recordings the Haydn symphony issued by Parlophone in November will not be easily displaced by any electric version.

Let me try to recall some of the violin records of the year. Those that come most readily to my mind are the Parlophone discs of Spiwakowsky and the Vocalion discs of Fachiri and d'Aranyi, none of them, let it be noted, electric recordings. And of violoncello records I remember best the Parlophone discs of Emanuel Feuermann and the Vocalion discs of Howard Bliss. This sounds as if I were trying to give a leg up all round, but that is not the case. I really am writing this article without referring to anything except my own memory.

Of piano recordings I remember best that splendid performance of Percy Grainger in the Chopin *B minor Sonata* issued by Columbia, a lovely Chopin

disc of Irene Scharrer (H.M.V.), and the Chopin disc (H.M.V.) of Backhaus I wrote about last month.

Of band records I have no hesitation in giving the palm to the H.M.V. disc of Arthur Pryor's Band, and the one I remember next to that was a Columbia disc of the Garde Républicaine Band.

Unfortunately, the organ records which electric recording has given us in such lavish quantities, do not satisfy for me what is called a long felt want. The organ must be a most exciting instrument to play, but I think it is a great bore to listen to. Wonderful, no doubt, though these new process records are, their tone is still a little bit deader than the original, and that's dead enough. It seems to me an instrument peculiarly suited to the dead world of the cinema where, as a matter of fact, it is much used. It is a pretentious instrument, because after all however many stops it has, what else can it do but—

- (i) Rumble in the pit of the listener's stomach ?
- (ii) Make a noise something like a choir of trebles and altos but not such a good noise ?
- (iii) Produce a tremolo like a second-rate violinist with a sweet tooth for music ?
- (iv) Blare in an exasperating monotony from very softly to very loudly ?

César Franck came nearest of the moderns to putting some life into this weary old mastodon of an instrument, and of all the organ records which have appeared this year the only one I remember that gave me the least pleasure was a piece of his played by Marcel Dupré and issued early in the autumn by H.M.V.

Choral recording has benefited from the electric process as much as the organ ; but perhaps because the atmosphere of one's own room is unsuited to oratorio they have given me little enjoyment. The only one that I would have bought for myself was the Columbia disc of the Cossacks in *Monotonously Rings the Little Bell* and the *Volga Boat Song*. Apart from that give me for pleasure the Parlophone old recording of the Irmler Ladies' Choir. I should have bought every one of their discs.

Of light records I remember best the Jack Smith discs from H.M.V., and the Singing Sophomores from Columbia. I understand that this combination is the same as the Revellers on the H.M.V. list. If that is so, I give my vote to the Columbia recording of them. And I must say a word for the pleasure that the Columbia dance records of Ted Lewis and his band have given me. *Iyone My Own* is a little masterpiece of humour as performed by them. Hear it played by the Savoy Havana Band for H.M.V. and . . . no, Sir ! But I always did think that Havana Band a poor kind of smoke when it was their turn to play at the Savoy. And the

Orpheans themselves are nothing like so good as they much too obviously fancy themselves.

And now what can I remember about the vocal records of the year ? Certainly my satisfaction at the adequate recording at last of Marguerite d'Alvarez by H.M.V., and at the same time my disappointment at the most inadequate recording of John McCormack. However, the songs were such rot that no great harm has been done to that voice. I hope the English recorders will have a chance to record him in 1927 singing about something better than that rheumatic cottage small by a waterfall. The duets by Hislop and Granforte come at once to my memory from the H.M.V. bulletins and from Columbia that *Otello* record of Aroldo Lindi. Chaliapine in *Mefistofele* (H.M.V.), a charming Irish tenor, Seamus O'Doherty (Col.), delicious records of Emmy Bettendorf (Parlo.), and, of contraltos, Clara Serena in the Vocalion list. Then after sitting for a while and thinking, I remember an exquisite Parlophone record of the *Herd Boy's Song* in *Tannhäuser* by—who was it ?—Elsa Knepel, I think, and again another exquisite Parlophone of Fritz Jökl singing *Una voce* from the *Barber of Seville*. In fact, as I look back at the Parlophone issues, I believe a majority of my best enjoyed vocal records came from them. Partly this was because the arias chosen were so often not hackneyed, but also because this company has a remarkable list of singers. Vocalion has a fine list of singers, too ; but perhaps the musical director allows his artists too much their own way. There was always an inclination toward competitive singing. I except Miss Olga Haley who, in addition to being the best English singer for the gramophone, knows how to choose her songs. She has been getting married this year, but I am glad to see her back in the November list. I have not had the pleasure of meeting her personally, but I feel sure that she's not "a superior person," and so many of our best women singers are ruined by conveying that impression. Miss Elsie Suddaby, of whom, as my readers are aware, there is no greater admirer than myself, trembles on the verge of conveying this impression occasionally. I think what it amounts to in most cases is an inability to conceal art. This is an age of inspired amateurs, but I beg some of them not to let us hear them breathing in the god and breathing him out again. The fatiguing performance of the Cumaean Sibyl in the sixth book of the *Æneid* should be read to all young writers, young singers, young actors, young musicians, and young painters as a cautionary tale. While on the subject of inspiration I may mention a horrible example of its abuse in the Vocalion bulletin for November, where extolling the performance of Mr. Henry Baynton in Mark Antony's oration the blurbist calls attention to the fact that "the improved Electrical Process has caught up

and preserved even the swift intake of breath, bringing the actor within a few feet of the listener." You might as well claim for self-congratulation that the Electric Process had caught up and preserved the rumbles in the performer's tummy and brought the listener within a few feet of his overdue lunch. It was an excellent idea on the part of the Vocalion Company to have a series of great Shakespearian speeches recorded, but if they are all going to be delivered in this excited curate style the public will not buy them. And then what shall we hear? That the public does not want records of Shakespeare. It's sad to have to be as rude as this in a Christmas Number, but I feel too strongly over the matter to keep silent. A few more records like this and I shall give up editing THE GRAMOPHONE to teach elocution, which, apart from fretwork, would be about as depressing a hobby as I can imagine.

Let me get back to the vocal records of 1926. From the Vocalion list I remember a splendid performance of *Le Rêve Passe*, by Robert Chisholm, and the sea shanties of John Buckley from the same list. Returning to His Master's Voice I recall the delightful records George Baker made of songs from *When we were very young*, and a magnificent performance of *O Patria Mia* from *Aida* by Rosa Ponselle, and Lucrezia Bori and Tito Schipa in the *Death Scene* from *Bohème*, and Frank Crumit singing *Thanks for the Buggy Ride*, ah, yes, and de Gogorza giving a wonderful performance of *La Paloma*. And then I had a great deal of pleasure every month from the Aco records, the bulletin of which is much better thought out than the Vocalion bulletin. I regard John Thorne as the best British baritone.

No doubt I have forgotten a number of records that I ought to have remembered, but if readers will take the trouble to try the records I have remembered they will at any rate know what made a lasting impression on me, and I fancy not many of them will quarrel with my choice.

But 1926 will hardly stand out in the history of the gramophone as a year of great triumphs for the performer. Perhaps electric recording has given the show away. I should very much like to know the figures for the sale of the first Galli-Curci records and those issued this year. It seems to me clear that her voice and her style have deteriorated, and it is unfortunate that electric recording should have coincided with this deterioration. My own theory about her deterioration is that it was caused by taking that house in the ominously named Catskill Mountains. The Yankee air has been too much for a singer whose voice was always in her head. A year in Italy might even now save it. The only other alternative is to record no more, and one of my regrets will be that four years ago she did not record *Casta Diva*, for I really cannot believe that those discs of *Come per*

me sereno or *Ah, non credea* deceived us. I play them now, and they seem as lovely as ever. Surely they would still be as lovely had they been recorded electrically. However, if the performers and their performances have not shed lustre on 1926, in every other way the year has been remarkable enough. For my own part I have never for one moment doubted that the gramophone would be able to hold its own musically with wireless, but I do not think that even in my most optimistic moments I ever anticipated that it would establish such a shattering superiority as it has managed to establish in the course of the year now drawing to a close, and let it be remembered that it has established this superiority in spite of the steady increasing improvement of the wireless musical programmes, not to mention the attraction of the Zoological Garden of major and minor celebrities that the B.B.C. can always command. But in this very superiority a danger lurks. In the first excitement of broadcasting numbers of gramophone owners transferred their allegiance, and it was a public that could be spared, because it was the public that supported the rubbish of which the recording companies used to be so generous. I have an uncomfortable feeling that this public is liable to return to the gramophone, and candidly I dread the effect of its influence. It is the public that writes those ineffably idiotic letters to the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Sketch* every day, and which I am bound to say it seems a misplaced sense of humour to publish beside such unusually sensible and well-written leaders. Everybody who detects in himself an inclination to feel himself snugly civilised should make a point of reading those letters. They are like the menacing howls of savages from the gloom of the primeval jungle that surrounds the little clearing we have made and call progress.

And at this point I want you to read a note that the London Editor wrote me the other day :

ON THE BRIDGE.

The phrase is here used topographically, not nautically : in the sense that at the beginning of the season it is interesting to stand in the middle of the bridge—we have always tried to be the bridge between the public and the trade of the gramophone world—and to watch the volume of traffic to and fro. Astonishing as it may seem in the present economic situation, the traffic is very large, and there is not the slightest reason to doubt that the trade is on the threshold of a great winter season. Why? Because it is supplying an ever-growing public and because it is sparing no pains or expense to maintain a laudable rate of progress. There is no stagnation. We may claim to be watching that progress with enthusiastic detachment—or with unbiased keenness ; and it has been almost with a holding of the breath that we have seen the great silent revolution of the electric methods of recording carried out by those master minds which faced the problem and with an unflinching delicacy of instinct guided their barques through the seen and unseen perils of the change.

We have tried to help, not to hinder, them while preserving inviolate our duty to our readers. We kept silence for months when we were asked to do so; for this was a matter of common sense as well as discretion. Latterly, since the veil was raised, we have given our reviewers a perfectly free hand to criticise and find fault where the experiments of the recording room were offered to the public; and throughout we have attempted—with what success let those who read these lines judge—to encourage the trade to persevere in the huge outlay of capital which this research work, this alteration of plant, this re-recording of catalogues inevitably involve, and at the same time to maintain the steady buying confidence of the public and to stir the mind of that public to the greatness of the future which is just opening to the view.

But the point is reached at which we must put fairly and squarely before our readers an important if not wholly pleasant fact which has emerged. Two facts indeed. One of them is that in order to get more than a travesty of the music recorded by the electrical processes everyone will sooner or later have to discard his old gramophone and get one which has been designed expressly for the new recording. There are plenty of gramophones now on the market which have been designed for this purpose; but let no one imagine that he is enjoying the full benefit of the records which he buys nowadays if his gramophone is more than twelve months old. On the other hand, the members of our Expert Committee are working hard (in their spare time) on experiments for the improving of old gramophones to meet the new requirements. As announced in the October number they have started with external horn machines, since they are the most easily adapted. For these, at any rate, it seems that the problem is not insoluble; but it is much too early yet to say with any confidence that they will meet with any success with internal horn machines.

That is one point. The other is with regard to the music recorded. It is obvious that the recording companies will give the public what the public will buy. The output of good music during the last three years has been lavish, pyramidal. No people are more grateful for this than the readers of *THE GRAMOPHONE*, who have asked for the good music, and have been answered. But this cannot go on unless the records are bought. There must be a financial return for the cost of producing a symphony or a quartet complete in album with analytical notes. Prestige will do something, no doubt, but unless the public buys the time must come when the dealers and factors will complain to the recording companies of stocks left on their hands and when the recording companies will call a halt and revert to the issue only of music which commands a sure and quick sale among the public which is, on the whole, not the public that reads *THE GRAMOPHONE*.

This is written in all seriousness; but there is no need to wag heads. We are not counselling anyone to buy records out of charity for impoverished recording companies. On the contrary, we are strongly of the opinion that the prices of records should come down again. But for the sake of the solidarity of gramophone progress we do urge that demand—this has been clearly demonstrated—for the finest recording of the finest music is futile unless the goods when supplied are absorbed. That terrible bogey, the “cut-out,” menaces some of the best products of the monthly bulletins; and though at present all is fair-seeming we must not forget that beyond the horizon the twilight of barbarism is always waiting to sweep back over us.

You see, the London Editor feels the same kind of uncomfortable presentiment that I do. The last

thing I want this paper to possess is a merely destructive utility, and at the moment that is what it looks like having. Unless our readers show as much inclination to support what we praise as they show to neglect what we condemn, it is hardly worth our while to employ the staff of reviewers that we do employ, for I may say that the dealers always blame us if a major work fails, while they are by no means so ready to thank us if it succeeds. Not, of course, that any critic can ultimately affect the fortunes of a work of art; but the publication of discs (or rather the method of “releasing” them) is conducted in such a ludicrously haphazard manner that the critic has much greater power than he need have. I do not use the word “haphazard” without justification. Whenever I have argued with the representatives of the commercial side of recording that lists of the major works to be produced during the year should be issued in the spring and autumn, as publishers issue their forthcoming books, I have been told that the difficulties of producing records so far exceed those of producing books that any kind of advance announcement is out of the question. The general impression with which I come away from such an argument is that the records ready for “release”—I use this vile cinematologism to emphasise the process of publication—are put into a lucky bag and that they are then drawn for like Central American bonds. The only monthly list that shows the slightest sign of being carefully thought out is the bulletin of the Parlophone Company; but even in that major works are often issued at the wrong moment. To take an instance. The Columbia Company issued the *D minor* quartet of Schubert played by the Lener combination and recorded by the new process. It cost 26s. in an album. The following month the Parlophone Company issued the same quartet played by the Edith Lorand combination and recorded by the old process. It cost 22s. 6d. in an album. Now, who on earth is going to save 3s. 6d. by purchasing the inferior version? It is obvious that the dealers are going to shy at such insensate competition. Had the Edith Lorand recording been issued in four discs there would have been a saving of 8s., but I doubt if even that amount would have been enough to turn the scale in favour of the Parlophone version when the purchaser was wondering how much he could spring for a complete quartet. I could give numerous other instances of this cut-throat policy, and so long as it continues there will be groans over the lack of public support for the best music. Even two of the quartets issued by the N.G.S. have been duplicated, and for that there is not the slightest excuse, because we make a point of submitting all our proposed recordings long before we do them, for we are most anxious to avoid the shadow of competition. The answer.

of course, is that the players wanted to do these particular works; but if the choice of works were left to the players we should have endless repetition. String quartets require as severe a censor as prima donnas, in fact a stronger one, because not only are men more jealous than women, but they are much less willing to admit it. As much of the duplication of orchestral works is due to the jealousy and vanity of conductors as to the competition of the recording companies. It is clear that for the next year or so we are bound to have an unusual amount of duplication while the companies are re-recording electrically. And we must be reasonable about that. We must not expect Quixotic behaviour. It is obvious that there is going to be a rush to get in first with the new recording of popular works like the 1812 *Overture*. But I have before me as I write the H.M.V. mid-November list, and I notice that Albert Coates is conducting *Jupiter* from Holst's *Planets*. I have no doubt that it will be a thundering fine performance, but I feel that Columbia was entitled to re-record this, if they wanted to, without competition. Of course, it may be that they do not want to. In that case the composer has a perfect right to take advantage of their unwillingness to increase the circulation of his work. But I invite all my readers who agree with me that they are entitled to know six months in advance what major works the recording companies intend to give them to wait until they know whether Columbia is going to re-record the *Planets* electrically and then to choose between the two versions.

The next point in the London Editor's note is an implication that the price of records ought to come down. I do not entirely agree with him, because they cannot under present conditions come down to anything like the price that would ensure a really large circulation for major works. Suppose, for instance, that His Master's Voice and Columbia reduced their 6s. 6d. orchestral records to 4s. 6d. That would, I believe, help the circulation of works like the 1812 *Overture*. I feel confident that Goossens' two records of it at 4s. 6d. will sell much better than Sir Henry Wood's three records at 6s. 6d., for though the first side of the Goossens' version is a flat failure, the whole performance is not much inferior to the Columbia, given a suitable instrument, and the saving is over 50 per cent. But I doubt if a Lerner Quartet album, costing 26s., would find its circulation proportionately greater if it cost 18s. I throw out another suggestion. Why not take several leaves out of the publishers' books, and issue really cheap reprints of standard works? Why not an Everyman's Library for the gramophone? There are lots of good old records that might be re-issued at 2s. and show a handsome profit at that price. The circulating library of records may seem a far-distant bugbear at the

moment, but it *will* come, and the success that is attending the "records on approval" movement among dealers is an unmistakable sign of its coming. If records can be sent out on approval, records can be circulated from a library. When Mr. Heinemann published a novel by Sir Hall Caine at 6s., the idea was to play hell with the circulating libraries and persuade the public to buy novels not borrow them. Who benefited by the reduction in price? Not the author, not the publisher, not the bookseller, but the libraries. It was too late. The public had forgotten how to buy novels. Do not let us have to wait for cheap records till the public have forgotten how to buy them. Moreover, it is a duty to give the poor man a chance to own great music. Were I a millionaire—which it is obvious from these remarks I never shall be—I would make my first charity the publication of great music for the gramophone at a price within reach of those who now crave for it. Why, merely as a drug great music has its value in these days. If the fatuous politicians who wrack their feeble brains devising anti-drug laws, which are as completely inefficacious as American prohibition, would do something to put great music within the reach of every man, they might have more claim to the respects of their country.

Meanwhile, the recording companies have an unequalled opportunity to display a little imagination. What will happen to all the old matrices of bygone recording? Why cannot some of those old snippets of chamber music be re-issued at 2s. or even less? The answer will be that the public is such an ass that a re-issue of the records would imperil the reputation of the recording company for the quality of its wares. Well, that may be true, and when I read the correspondence columns of the daily press I lose my faith in the public. Still, I cannot get out of my head some of the letters I receive from people who cannot afford to buy records and when I remember my own good fortune I may be forgiven for making what will seem wild suggestions to help those who are not so fortunate. Anyway, I am sure that half measures are not much use, and for that reason I do not intend to agitate for small reductions. But it ought to be possible to buy a symphony of Beethoven for the same price that one can buy the complete works of Shakespeare. I wonder what would happen if all the directors of all the great recording companies went mad and ordered the price of a *Valencia* to be 8s. 6d., and the price of a Mozart quartet to be 2s. 6d.

Ironically enough, the next thing I have to do is to advise a further expenditure! I refer to what the London Editor says about gramophones more than a year old. It's not a bit of use pretending that these old bottles will hold the new wine. However, I fancy that most of our readers have

found that out for themselves by now, and in any case I do not propose to discuss instruments until I have heard some of the latest that I have not yet had an opportunity of hearing. Indeed, at the moment most of my readers are in a better position than myself to judge which of the latest is the best to buy.

What is left? Nothing, I fancy, except to wish with all my heart a happy Christmas to every one

of my readers and to thank warmly all, from the recording companies to those guests I worried into sitting at our symposium, for what they have done to make the forty-third number of THE GRAMOPHONE more than usually a record number. And I hope the London Editor will find the necessary room for me to add a special word of thanks to him.

COMPTON MACKENZIE.

THE "LIFEBELT" IN THE BACKVELD

By LEONARD FLEMMING

I HAD read a great deal about the "Lifebelt," and, after studying very carefully all the opinions and suggestions given in THE GRAMOPHONE by experts and others, I bought one.

I am rather susceptible to advice given by experts or others; I think this is due to a kindly disposition coupled with a love for adventure. I may also add that I am a great admirer of the Editor of this admirable journal, as much for the books he writes whilst the gramophone is playing as for his criticism on how it plays. So it will be understood, perhaps, why I went to all the trouble to try to get the full benefit of the "Lifebelt."

At the very outset let me say that it was evident that one could not merely attach the "Lifebelt" to the gramophone—or the gramophone to the "Lifebelt," much depends upon whether you are left-handed or right-handed—and obtain perfect results at once. There are many ways of pulling a cabinet gramophone on to a "Lifebelt." I shall deal with this in a further article. At first I simply pulled the two together. My gramophone had lacked a "Lifebelt" all its little life—the "Lifebelt" lacked a gramophone—and very solemnly I performed the sacred rite of joining these two together. I was not quite satisfied with the rendering of the *Fire Music* from the *Walküre*, and not having a weight adjuster—of which I had read a great deal—and being far away in the backveld where there are no shops or telephones, I attached, with a piece of string and some fencing wire, the carving fork to the tone-arm. There was a decided improvement, at least so I thought, but the string broke and brought the prongs of the fork somewhat heavily on to the record, one prong playing ten grooves ahead and one prong playing ten grooves behind the needle—an astounding performance. I decided that the "Lifebelt" was too long. So I cut off, with a pair of sheep shears, $1\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch of the "Lifebelt." Detaching the carving fork I replaced the "Lifebelt" and tried several records. There was no appreciable difference. Perhaps it was due to the drought and the dryness of the boards upon which my gramophone stands.

Procuring four tins, I half filled them with treacle, upon which I feed my stock in a drought, and after some difficulty placed the legs of my gramophone in them and tried a *Tristan* record. The result was disappointing. I now turned up past numbers of THE GRAMOPHONE and gathered a few tips. I sawed off the legs of my gramophone and tried *Siegfried*. It was a complete failure; so also was *Less Than The Dust* and *I Want to Be Happy*.

I now sawed off, with a steel saw, one and three quarter inches of the tone-arm, and with my sheep shears sliced off one and a half inches of the "Lifebelt." I boiled the sound-box in glue for four and a half minutes, wrapped stiff brown paper round what was left of the tone-arm up to the goose neck curve, and tried half my records for two days, using 2,000 needles from fibres up to—when the needles were finished—tin tacks with the heads nipped off. The result was not quite as I had wished, but I felt that I was on the right road. I next sawed off the entire tone-arm—the new steel saw was a great joy—and I attached a length of hose-pipe in its place. The result was miraculous. A quartette sounded like a full orchestra, and an ordinary full orchestra like twenty massed bands. I felt, however, that the resonance was too great, so I cut off all the woodwork of the gramophone, took out my wooden floor, pulled down the bricks on one side of the house, bricked up the fireplace, bought a paraffin heating lamp to help me cool down after my trials with records, put what was left of the gramophone on a small table smeared with glycerine, pasted thin strips of red flannel on the mica of the sound-box and, using an axe this time, chopped off what seemed to be a superfluity of "Lifebelt."

I built a hut to live in and continued my experiments. Of these I shall write later. From my hut I look at where my house was and where I once had a gramophone and Lifebelt. I shall get perfect results yet, but at present all that I have is half a house, the motor and turn-table of the gramophone and an umbrella ring.

LEONARD FLEMMING.

A BEETHOVEN RECORD.

THE disc revolves, the waves of sound arise,
 The swelling rhythmic chords break cool and sweet,
 And visions pass before my closing eyes . . .
 Two great hands poise above the keys, and beat
 In frenzy, till the room is filled with sound.
 A massive head is turned, and bends to hear
 The music of those notes his fingers pound . . .
 Deaf. Deaf. The proud head sinks, and one slow tear
 Slips down the Master's cheek . . . Beethoven weeps . . .
 The disc revolves, the last, deep note is played ;
 The record laid aside, Beethoven sleeps,
 Never to hear the music that he made . . .
 A whirling disc, a golden flood of sound,
 Bring us the joys the Master never found.

Margaret Marshall.

OUR SYMPOSIUM

THE first thing I have to say about this symposium is a word of very grateful thanks to the contributors both on behalf of our readers and for myself personally. You will see by Mr. Bernard Shaw's reply what a risk one takes in issuing this kind of unwelcome invitation, and, of course, Mr. Shaw is, as always, perfectly right. However, if the questions were foolish, nobody can accuse the answers of being so, and I must say that I agree with Miss Sybil Thorndyke that confession books are amusing, and like her I wish they were in favour once more. If literature and the stage predominate among the guests, that is because they produce the most good-natured victims of this sort of thing. I did not invite any member of the legal profession to contribute, because you can't very well ask a judge to admit that he has favourites, and you can't very well ask a K.C., because he is liable at any moment to become a judge. The absence of any distinguished representatives of the Anglican Church and the Nonconformist bodies is due to their unwillingness to commit themselves, not to my failure to invite them. The comparative scarcity of musicians is also due to this, and I am particularly grateful to Sir Landon Ronald and Sir Richard Terry, because they really were abominable questions to address to a musician. I feel I ought to register my own confession, partly because I should like to be sitting

at the table with our guests, and partly on the same principle that the waiter always pours the first few drops of a bottle of wine into the host's glass. I think my favourite song is Schumann's *Er der Herrlichste von Alles*, which I regret to say nobody has yet recorded for an English catalogue. I cannot think why. My favourite tune is without doubt *The Rhinemaidens' Song*. My favourite composer is without doubt Beethoven, and for my favourite singer I find myself sitting very delightfully between Miss Margaret Bannerman and Miss Madge Titheradge in naming Marguerite d'Alvarez and John McCormack.

COMPTON MACKENZIE.

Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN :

My favourite song in all the world is Schubert's "Serenade." My favourite composer, Schumann. My favourite tune, "Chopin" from "Carnival." My enthusiasm for Marguerite d'Alvarez as a singer and artist is sincere. She is (to me) a great artist.

Mr. MAX BEERBOHM :

I think my favourite song is *Voi Che Sapete* ; and I would call Mozart my favourite composer (thus making a very chaste impression on your readers) but for the fact that on the Mozartian heights I have never felt quite so much at home and so happy as on heights less exalted. The tunes made by Meyer Lutz for the old Gaiety Burlesques, the tunes made later by Lionel Monckton and Paul Rubens for the Musical Comedies, and the tunes made by Mr. Herman Finck for the Revues, are what I have been and am most

As regards Irish songs, I think, in spite of the modern contempt cultivated for Moore, that he will never be surpassed. True, he had to stretch on the rack Gaelic music to English words—of which Bunting complained so bitterly.

What can beat such lines as begin with—

“ Oh, who would not welcome that moment returning,
When passion first gave a new life to our frame;
And the soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave forth all its sweets at love's exquisite flame.”

N.B.—I am now over seventy-one!

Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH:

It is very painful to me to make any disclosures as to my musical taste, as it is so utterly bad that I feel the revelations will merely hold me up to your readers' contempt. My favourite song is, I am afraid, always the song of the moment as expressed in musical comedy or revue, until I have heard it too often, when the next favourite takes its place. My favourite composer is Mozart, which is perhaps a little better. My favourite tune is the “Volga Boatmen's Song.” My favourite singer is Galli-Curci—on the gramophone. I am afraid I have not heard her in the flesh.

Miss MARGARET KENNEDY:

I have no favourite song or tune; at least my list alters about once a month. But I have given you my choice at the time of writing, *i.e.*:—

Song: “Fischer's Liebesglück” (Brahms).

Composer: Mozart.

Tune: “Lindenbaum” (Schubert).

Singer: Chaliapine; Elizabeth Schumann.

Sir RAY LANKESTER:

If you had asked me how tall I am or how much I weigh I could have looked into the matter and told you; but to let you know what is my favourite song is not so easy. I can distinguish “God save the Weasel” from “Pop goes the Queen,” and can recall, if left quietly alone, about one hundred songs with or without words. But as to a favourite it is sometimes one and sometimes another, according to circumstances. Some people when asked this question would try to recall the title of the most high-brow song in order to declare for it, whilst others would pull your leg and choose some music-hall invention of the moment. I, trying to be truthful, find that what is my favourite at one moment is not so at another. I know all Schubert's songs, and many melodies embedded in sonatas and operas, many national hymns (ancient and modern), marches and dances. Some of these are my favourite in turn—as I hear them. Why should I have a permanently established favourite song? any more than a favourite landscape or a favourite food or favourite girl. I take them all in turn, and could (but will not) discourse of the beauties and merits of each as they come before me. I am sitting alone in my study after lunch (six ridiculously small paper-like oysters costing 6½d. each!). Well, I first of all call up “The Men of Harlech,” a gorgeous and thrilling song without words, and then to compare with it I ask for the Radetzky march, and then the “Marseillaise.” I then sink half-asleep into one of Tosti's Venetian reveries and then to “Alle Berge Zipffel Ruh'n in dunkler Nacht.” And then a mysterious gondola-song of Mendelssohn's, coming from the far distance over the lagoon. And then some of Schubert's “Winter's Journey,” and the Walter's “Lied” from the “Meistersinger” of Wagner, and so by way of the duets of “Faust” and “Marguerite” to the old familiar “Last Rose of Summer” and the ever sweet “Annie Laurie.” Then, after a pause of silence and darkness, I am on the seashore and the long gentle waves are heaving slowly as the moon spreads her beams from one to another, and I hear the most wonderful of all songs, the “Moonlight Sonata,” by the greatest wizard of all. Give me *that* and a skilful succession of Beethoven's poems, rightly spaced and in a

vast unbounded scene of sea and rocks and forests, and I shall either find my favourite and swoon—or swoon at once! Though Beethoven is the greatest of all, I put Schubert as the most astonishing and delightful and prolific and diversified of song-writers.

I used to think Caruso to be absolutely supreme as a singer for the gramophone, and none so clear and true as he.

Sir JOHN LAVERY:

How dreadful. I don't like music. When I was quite young I was told that music and poetry were essential to the painter, and that he could not possibly be an artist if he did not revel in both. Well, I tried hard for years without success, all the time pretending that I loved and understood them, till I married Hazel—late in life—when I confessed to her the deception I had been practising by having concerts in my studio, attending all sorts of musical festivals, and all the time being bored to tears.

She gave the show away, since when I have had the moral courage to make the above statement.

Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE:

My favourite song is, I think, “Kishmul's Galley,” from the Hebridean Songs, and my favourite composer, if one must be so selective, Mozart; and singer, a Red Indian singing to the drum, which sounds pretty stupid.

Mr. W. J. LOCKE:

You appeal to a man by no means unmusical who, however, has passed his life outside the sphere of music as the word is now understood of the cognoscenti. But it means a bit more to me than I can express by mentioning my favourite anything.

My favourite song? I have heard thousands of beautiful songs. When the world was young, and my place in that world was the gallery of the Albert Hall, I heard Christine Nilsson sing “The Sands of Dee,” and after, it seems a hundred years, the elfin notes still haunt my ears. Dame Clara Butt, in my own house on New Year's Eve, a year or so ago, sang “The Swanee River,” and made me weep like a cow.

Under your apparent guilelessness, you really demand an essay: for, from the multitudinous musical associations of a longish life, how can one pick and choose? How can one declare a choice, say, between the plaint of the woodwind in “Tristan,” and the immortal waltz motif in Weber's “Invitation”? Between the Toreador music in “Carmen” and “Le jardin sous la pluie” of Debussy?

A sensitive being is one of many moods. Suppose I were dying. What music would I like to hear, as my last consciousness was merging into infinite oblivion? I can imagine a mood in which the splendour of chords in Beethoven's “Funeral March” would befit the majesty of my dissolution; but, on the other hand, I can readily imagine another mood in which I could ask nothing better than that Gounod's “Marche Funèbre d'une Marionette” should dance my spirit humoresquely across the dreaded frontier.

And that, in a few words, mon cher confrère, is all I can say about it.

Father MARTINDALE, S.J.:

Alas, what a question! As if I had a favourite song. In a sense I have dozens. My real favourites would be the psalms and the great Latin hymns, “Veni Sancte,” “Dies Irae,” “Caelestis Urbs,” “Vexilla Regis,” and St. Thomas's Eucharistic ones, and most of all the quite old ones; but also a number of Breton songs, and perhaps chiefly an Arab song that I heard in the gorge of El Kantara, in the Atlas mountains, which is more like Debussy's “Petit Pasteur” than anything else. Also I think I prefer “I Sing of a Maiden” to anything English of that period (15th century, isn't it?) and “Angelus ad Virginem”; and then, a few modern

things like "Douglas Gordon"—in fact, Scotch songs by preference; but also "Of all the tribe of Tegumai," and for perfectly different reasons, "Tipperary." How can one have a favourite song? As for tune, I think the song at the beginning of the third act of "Tristan." I believe if I knew more of César Franck I should like him as much as any; in my old-fashioned ignorance, I prefer Wagner to any composer I do know, and especially the "Meistersinger," but also, especially, each part of the "Ring," and no less especially "Tristan." I fear I know no singers especially.

Mr. W. S. MAUGHAM :

What a devilish fellow you are to ask a harmless and respectable gentleman like myself to answer such questions; but here they are:—

Favourite song: "The Prize Song."

Favourite composer: Wagner.

Favourite tune: "The Fire Music."

Favourite singer: Lotte Lehman.

Curses on your head.

Mr. IVOR NOVELLO :

My favourite song is "Morgen," by Richard Strauss; my favourite composer, Wagner; my favourite tune (I presume you mean of the modern variety), "By the Lake"; and the singer I most admire is Emmy Bettendorf, who you know records for Parlophone. I choose her not only for the exquisite quality of her voice, but for her astonishing versatility. She seems to be able to sing anything.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR :

My favourite songs are "Là ci darem" in Don Giovanni, Gounod's music to Hugo's serenade, and "Drink to me only with thine eyes." My favourite composer is Mozart. I never heard any singer I liked better than the departed Florence St. John or the still living and active Marie Tempest. She is now a great actress, but I cannot help wishing that she had remained the great singer.

Sir LANDON RONALD :

I can answer all your questions quite easily excepting the question of which is my favourite song.

I love so many of Schumann, Strauss, Grieg, the Sea Songs of Edward Elgar, songs by Roger Quilter and Vaughan Williams, and many many others, that it is quite impossible for me to say that I have a favourite.

(Perhaps I should add that I forgot to mention Schubert, Liszt, Wolf and Brahms.)

My favourite composer is undoubtedly Wagner, and my favourite tune, without doubt, is the "Marseillaise."

Sir CHARLES SACKVILLE WEST :

My favourite song, Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh"; my favourite composer, Wagner; my favourite tune, "Liebestodt"; my favourite singer, Lotte Lehmann.

The Earl of SANDWICH :

There is a song that I think I admire more than most, and that is "Träume," by Wagner.

I suppose the only way to think of one's favourite composer is to think of one we could least do without, and I must without hesitation say Bach.

As for singers, I am really not *au fait* with modern singers, but certainly one I enjoyed most in my younger days was Mme. Ternina on the operatic stage. If you will remember, her great parts were Sieglinde and Isolde.

As to my favourite tune, this is even more difficult. I think, perhaps, I might give certainly as one, one of Bach's preludes, of which I can never remember the number, but I think it is 31. I have not got them here to refer to, but the one I mean is built up on a little phrase, and I always think it is one of the greatest short masterpieces ever written.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW :

Says that only people in a deplorably elementary stage of musical culture have favourite tunes and so forth, and he considers the question a monstrous insult.

Mr. FRANK SWINNERTON :

One's loves change. Mine do. I have had many favourites and have many other admirations. Even keeping strictly to present favourites, and excluding perhaps nobler admirations, I am bound to answer your questions in the plural.

Songs: "Batti batti," Mozart; "Voi che sapete," Mozart; "It was a lover and his lass," Morley.

Composer: Mozart.

Tune: "Rosenkavalier" waltz music.

Singers: Chaliapine; Coates; Ranaow.

I have never heard, in person, a female singer who seemed to me at once such an artist and so humorously likeable as one of these.

Sir RICHARD TERRY :

1. I had better stick to English composers and singers. The range of music outside is so wide that one's "favourite" anything must necessarily be what satisfies the mood of the moment, unless one cultivates a static imagination.

2. Under the influence of to-night's mood I hazard the following:—

Song: "Sea Fever," by John Ireland.

Tune: "Hey Johnny Cope."

Composer: Elgar.

Singer: John Goss.

3. I am posting this reply to you at once, in case I change my mind in the morning.

Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE :

My favourite song: "There is a lady sweet and kind" (Purcell).

Composer: Bach.

Air: "My heart ever faithful" (Bach).

Singer: Chaliapin.

Confession books always did amuse me, I wish they were in fashion again.

Miss MADGE TITHERADGE :

Favourite song: "Mainacht."

Favourite composer: Brahms.

Favourite singer: John McCormack.

Mr. JOHN TWEED :

You want me to become a critic of an art I don't practice; sometimes I sing and whistle, but am told it gives ear pains. I like a song well sung, and dislike it if badly sung. Then my mood delights in something trivial, or at moments classical. "I want to be happy" is a favourite at present. Last night it was an air from Mozart's "B Mass." As composers I like Bach and Beethoven, then it may be for a time the composers of some of "No, no, Nanette." The singer I care for may have a small voice, but love of the song gives it beauty and delight to me. So you see I can't answer your questions. If it had not been you as the artist who had asked, well, I would not have answered.

Mr. HUGH WALPOLE :

As you rightly remark, these questions are a damn bore, but if it gives you any pleasure to know it I would say that certainly Brahms is my favourite composer, and the singer I most admire, Van Rooy; but he is singing no longer, so perhaps I should say in general Eleanor Gerhardt and, for Scandinavian things, a pal of mine, Lauritz Melchior. As to a tune I can think of thousands; two of the best, if you call them tunes, are Desdemona's song in the last act of "Otello," and the Orestes music in "Elektra." They are melodies, anyway.



[E. Squire

“THE BROKEN MELODY.”

THE ANGLE OF ERROR

By FAITH COMPTON MACKENZIE (F Sharp)

HALF-PAST FIVE. Spiaggia was waking up. All through the glowing August afternoon silence had brooded over this little city of tired bathers. Only the olive trees were alive with the regular scream of the *cicale*—the dry heart-beat of a summer day. Sometimes a dog had got up, barked, and laid down again, exhausted. No other dog had even bothered to reply. The sacred siesta had not been desecrated, even by the English visitors, with their barbarous habit of noisy walks in the full sun. The heat had won, and everyone had retired behind jalousies to sleep through the burning hours.

Damiano Chilosá, being a Neapolitan and very tired, had gone frankly to bed, which he considered the coolest and most restful place. He was very tired because, besides trying to teach the Duchesse de Sans Souci to swim, he had cooked a wonderful picnic lunch for ten people. He knew that if he did not cook an occasional lunch or dinner, he would not be teaching duchesses to swim. That was life: he accepted it. It was all very well to be a successful singer, and to have the *entrée* into the houses of the Great on that account, but it was not enough for Damiano. He knew pretty well what the Great really thought about the poor devil of a singer, and Damiano did not regard himself as a poor devil of a singer. It was only by the merest chance that he was a singer at all. Just lack of means and a natural gift for singing had led him into what was the easiest profession going. He regarded himself, and wished to be regarded, as the Barone Chilosá, scion of one of the most ancient families in Italy.

The noble family of Chilosá had long been drained to its dregs, and Damiano found himself among the dregs. But family pride dies hard. The Palazzo Chilosá, only one of the many strongholds of this once eminent race, had gone through centuries of changing fortune, till now, as the Hotel Paradiso, it sheltered a large party of London's lightweight set and a featherweight Parisian or two, who, by force of what they considered character, managed to keep the hotel to themselves.

It was in this society that Damiano wished to shine, and it was his fine culinary gift as well as his delightful voice that had captured the heart of the Elect. He imagined that the "Barone" helped, but it really had no effect at all. They didn't care a bit what his family was, or whether he had any right to the title (which he hadn't), so long as he sang and cooked so divinely. They might have got tired of him if he had only been

able to sing. There were few things they could concentrate on for more than ten minutes, but one of them was food, and that was where he came in. They demanded his presence at all their *al fresco* parties. His *ravioli* at midnight! His *spaghetti* at dawn! Food for the gods.

And he was such a dear. So obliging—always there when he was wanted to interpret and advise on boat-hiring, wine, barbers, villas, and where the best exchange could be had. They were always sending for him, and he always went—but with dignity, as though he had just dropped in as one of themselves, not with any subserviency. *Per Dio, no!*

Damiano dressed leisurely, and, opening his bedroom window, stepped out on to his little white terrace. It was cool there now; the sun had left its roof of dried broom. He sat down and looked out over the vineyard and olive orchard that he wished were his—over the orchard to the great mountain wearing the bloom of a purple plum against the dense blue sky.

"*Un bel di!*" he murmured. Never could a singer make, or at any rate keep, enough money to buy that orchard and possess that view. But—one fine day! He had hopes of Zio Alfredo, a bachelor uncle who was making a fortune in South America, and had been impressed by his nephew and his performance in *Traviata* at Buenos Ayres. As to saving anything himself—it all went jingling through his fingers before ever he got home to Spiaggia. Not even could he afford to marry the poor Carolina, who had been waiting for him nearly fourteen years, her youth and looks ebbing away. No one understood why he persevered with this childhood's engagement to the simple peasant girl, and no one, except Carolina herself, believed that he would ever marry her. Still, he never failed to visit her each day, whatever his social engagements, and his letters and presents came pouring in regularly when he was singing abroad.

"The *giovannott* of yesterday has arrived."

A small boy like a bright brown bird made this announcement; Giannino, Damiano's only servant, and his assistant at all the cooking parties. Swift and agile carrier of pots and pans, and fanner of obstinate *carbone* fires.

"He may enter."

The young man of yesterday came by appointment. He had been sent by a friend of Damiano's who had heard him somewhere near Naples amusing a few friends with his guitar. The result of yester-

day's interview was satisfactory, and here he was for his first lesson.

He entered. He was about nineteen, and of a godlike beauty. Of the best period, fifth century, B.C.

He wore, in spite of the heat, a closely fitting jacket of enormous check much cut in at the waist after the fashion of the less informed Neapolitan tailors, white trousers, a red tie spotted white with a large horseshoe in the middle of it, a striped waistcoat, and three diamond rings. His feet were shod in boots apparently made of bright yellow paper with shiny black welts and toes, which were pointed. He wore no hat, and his mass of sable hair had been carefully trained to rise vertically a good half foot from his sloping brow. His appearance, in short, was the *beau idéal* of the Neapolitan *vuappo*.*

Damiano had been saddened by this yesterday, and hoped that he would be less gorgeous to-day, but instead he wore yet another diamond ring. Yesterday there had been but two. Damiano understood that it was in his honour that all these hot clothes were worn, and the extra ring signified grateful appreciation. "Some day perhaps I shall tell him. He has much to learn."

The lesson began. The voice of Marco Tale (pronounced Tarlay) rushed into his throat because he was nervous. He sang flat, and grew very hot, and nearly burst into tears. Yesterday he had brought his guitar, and had sung with perfect musicality and a thrilling voice the Neapolitan songs he had known from childhood. This was quite different. He had never sung a scale in his life. Discipline was unknown either to his voice or himself. It was a painful hour, and after such a *fiasco* he would not be surprised to be told by the Barone that he need not come again.

This did not happen, however. He was merely advised to arrange for lessons in the theory of music with the Spiaggia organist and to come again tomorrow at the same time for another lesson.

"That is, if you are *appassionato*; if you wish to be a singer I will give you a lesson every day for a month, and start you. But if not—" he shrugged his shoulders.

"If you have faith in my voice, Signor Barone, I will work day and night. To-day I sang like a dog, and feared you would *buttarmi via*."

"Yes; you did sing like a dog, and I am glad to know that you are aware of it. But I shall not 'throw you out.' I understand enough, *figlio mio*, to know that never again will you sing so like a dog. You have the voice and temperament of a great artist, but you have much—very much"—with a glance he could not control at the coiffure and the rings—"to learn."

It was soon manifest that Marco, who came from a very poor home, had spent his all on the new clothes, which had been bought expressly for the interview with Damiano, on which so much depended. For lodging and food there remained nothing to speak of. As soon as Damiano discovered this, he cleared out a small cupboard, where Marco established himself with his belongings, which consisted of a few rags of peasant clothes, a metal comb, a bottle of pungent hair pomade, and his guitar.

There was no happy mean between the peasant clothes and the garments which gave Damiano so much pain. So one of his own discarded flannel suits, a white shirt with turn-down collar, and a pair of rope-soled shoes such as everyone wore in the summer, transformed Marco from superficial vulgarity to distinction. Only on occasions he still wore his diamond rings.

"Why, my friend, do you wear those false diamond rings?"

"Because I cannot afford real ones," Marco replied simply.

Damiano held out his plump hand.

"This is the only ring for a man. You will find no Englishman of any breeding wears anything else."

A heavy signet ring was the only decoration. It bore the Chilosá crest, with the simple but pregnant motto "*Per Bene*."

"Of course, you are not of noble family, and have no coat of arms." Marco sadly assented. "Still, it is possible even for a commoner to wear a signet ring, and that, believe me, is the only kind to wear."

The diamond rings disappeared. They were given to Giannino, who gave two of them to his girl, aged ten, who appreciated them very much; he kept one for himself for festas. They served, in fact to heal the wounds of jealousy caused in Giannino's breast by the unknown *giovannott's* occupation of that cupboard. So they were not bought in vain.

Marco's slim brown hands went unadorned.

His education progressed. Not only was he advancing in the elements of musical theory and voice production with astonishing swiftness, but he was apprehending the finer shades of behaviour, with the example of Damiano, that stickler for the correct thing, ever before him. He had, of course, good manners and address, as all Italians have, but he had to unlearn a number of customs to which he had been bred from infancy, such as spitting on the floor indoors, and eating *maccheroni*, however skilfully, with his fingers. Damiano had stirred his social ambition. He saw him go out, perfectly dressed in clothes of English cut (they were made by Poole) to parties given by those *inglesi pazzi*, who, for all their mad behaviour, were said to be the cream of English society. He longed to join them, to have a little "flirt"

* Wop, in American.

with one of those pretty blonde women who were so strangely thin—like matches. He strongly suspected that not only in their thinness could they be compared to matches.

Damiano forbade his meeting anyone for the present.

"I shall know when you are ready to meet them. Till then you must not be seen by them. Mr. Adolphus Nerely is giving a select party in his garden when the moon is full. At that I hope you will be ready to appear, singing Neapolitan songs with your guitar. I shall cook the supper. I shall not sing. I have already told Mr. Nerely that I have made a discovery, and he is anxious that you should appear at this party."

He did not tell Marco all that he had told Mr. Nerely, for fear he should become conceited. He was, so far, singularly free from this failing.

"Your hair you must really control better. I have already told you that it must be flat—flat. Such coiffures as yours are not seen in the houses of English gentlemen."

"My hair is a desperation" (he called it *dish-perazione*). "I cannot keep it down."

"Pomade and more pomade, and a handkerchief tied round while dressing. Enrico the barber shall attend to you before the party."

Stile inglese was preached at Marco from morning to night.

"The English are the only people who can dress. Next come the good Italians, but only because they have the intelligence to copy the English. In dress and bearing follow the English, but in little else. They have no manners because they have no imagination and are without altruism. But the finest gentleman in the world, perhaps, is the Englishman who has made Italy his home. Mr. Adolphus Nerely is an example. True, he must have been born with unusual sensibility. A hater of sport—a lover of art. He began to build the Villa Glaucus when he was twenty-four. He is now fifty, and for years that house on the edge of the sea has been a temple of the arts. A man of wealth, he has never had to work, and his life has been spent in the collection of beautiful things and the friendship of artists. Observe him well."

Damiano was on his favourite subject. He puffed at the Havana cigar he had chosen with the fastidiousness of a *connoisseur* at the tobacconist's.

"None of your stinking *Napolitani* for me, and a *Toscano* is little better. For me always a Havana *del primo ordine*, which you do not find here. This miserable cabbage is the best in the shop."

The tobacconist, an old friend accustomed to Damiano's ways, had only laughed with good humour.

"The best we can do here, Maestro," giving him a light. The "Maestro" implied more respect than "Barone," which was a title not insisted

upon by Damiano among his intimate friends, for many reasons. Marco's Macedonia cigarette was lighted with the same match, while he vowed to himself that never would he yield to the lure of the common Neapolitan cigar.

So Marco learned. As the moon waxed his store of worldly wisdom grew, and by the time it was full and the night of Mr. Nerely's party had arrived, Damiano felt no misgivings about introducing his *protegé* to the distinguished company.

Marco wore a white silk shirt open at the throat, and, to enhance his picturesque beauty, Damiano lent him a black Spanish cape, which he immediately put on as though he had worn Spanish capes all his life. Together they walked down through shining olive groves, with Giannino behind, carrying the guitar and a bundle of freshly gathered herbs for Damiano's cooking. Marco was pale and thoughtful, while Damiano nervously plied him with last injunctions as to behaviour.

"Above all, be cool. Show no fear."

"I must admit that my heart is going *tup, tup*" (*tup, tup fa 'o core*).

"That is only right. So it is with all true artists. Courage! You will make a *furor* to-night."

Their arrival at the Villa Glaucus was the first sensation.

The villa was high and solitary above the sea, but Mr. Nerely and his guests were gathered on the spacious terrace of the *foresteria*, or guest house, where Damiano was to cook the supper. The *foresteria* was right down on the sea, which lapped the walls of the terrace in fine weather, and broke over it in a storm. This terrace was approached by a long and dignified series of steps, and it was as he walked down these that Marco was first observed by Mr. Nerely and his guests, who had just finished dancing to the delicious music made by three barbers and three tailors, expert performers upon the mandoline and guitar.

Damiano, who led the way, they recognised, but the strange figure in the cape, moving with slow young dignity, intrigued them.

"Signor Tale!"

Who was Signor Tale? Mr. Nerely, all in white, with snowy hair and drooping moustache and hawklike aristocratic countenance, began immediately to present him. Damiano noticed with pride with what grace his pupil kissed the hand of the Duchesse de Sans Souci—just the flutter of the lips, and perhaps the faint pressure of the hand which might or might not have been intentional.

The Duchesse de Sans Souci had the largest eyes in Europe and the smallest feet. She wore a Chinese coat and chiffon trousers gathered in at the ankles with gold bells which tinkled when she moved. Marco had never seen anything like her before, but he kept his head. He kissed all the ladies' hands, and warmed to his work. He did

not have to speak much, as the English ladies, naturally, did not understand Italian, so he only had to look serious and interesting. His hair was smooth as a raven's wing, and his classic features were like carved ivory in the moonlight.

"My dear! I've never seen anything like it!"

—"Look at the profile!"—"The slant of the eyes!"

—"I'm all unhinged!"—"Too marvellous!"

"Is it right? Is it kind?" murmured someone from the shadows.

When the excitement of Marco's arrival had subsided, and the barbers and tailors struck up again, Mr. Nerely took Damiano and his pupil into the *foresteria* and gave them some champagne. Marco was only allowed half a glass. "Till he has sung. After that——"

The host produced a large box of cigars.

"Ah, look, Marco! These are the cigars of cigars!" Damiano took one and fondled it between finger and thumb. "This is the kind you must smoke when you are a great singer. They are the best in the world."

Marco looked at the box.

"Corona Corona," he read. "What a beautiful name! That I shall never forget."

The few drops of unaccustomed champagne gave Marco the courage he needed. On the terrace he took his guitar and leaning against a pillar began to sing without a trace of nervousness. He opened with the hackneyed *O Sole Mio*, and went on through *O Surdato 'nnammurato* to *Tu sola!* which he sang with tragic intensity. Everyone was enchanted, except one man, a husband who had been brought out by some stupid piece of carelessness, and was always threatening to leave, but, unfortunately, never did. He was heard to mutter:

"By Jove, you know, I think these foreign chaps rather overdo it, what?"

He was the strong silent soldier type of Englishman to whom Italy and its inhabitants make no appeal. When everyone gathered round Marco after *Tu sola!* he said:

"Dam dagoes, you know. All right to engage 'em to sing if you like that sort of thing, but—make pets of 'em—no. It doesn't do, my dear fellow. Believe me, I know. It doesn't do."

No one took the slightest notice of him.

"Vicin' 'o mare
facimme l'ammore
a core a core
pe ce spassa!"

sang Marco, and the barbers and tailors were so carried away that they all sang it with him. The rosemary-scented air rang with rich Italian voices and the rhythmic twang of mandolines and guitars.

Damiano tore himself away from the scene of triumph to the *foresteria*, where his dishes awaited him under the watchful eyes of Giannino. It was even better than he had hoped. Marco's success

was his own, and his good-natured face was radiant as he lifted the lid of the *pollo cacciatore* which was simmering over a gentle fire.

The strong silent one disapproved of this supper mania. Cooking, he felt, should be done by servants, and certainly not by greasy singers. The whole atmosphere of the party was deplorable, and he was really getting fed up with Italy and its exaggerated moonlight and silly stage effects. Thank God the moors were not far off.

The supper roused as many superlatives as Marco's singing. The *maccheroni* were cooked five minutes beyond Damiano's regulation, in deference to British taste, which he understood was brought up on macaroni pudding done to a pulp (and sweetened, too, if such a thing were to be believed). This concession was painful to the artist, but he had once heard an English guest whisper, "Not quite cooked, is it?" That was enough for him.

The *pollo cacciatore* was followed by exquisite *crêpes Suzette*, which Damiano flapped about in champagne on a chafing-dish, and tossed on to plates greedily extended. He could have gone on flapping them till dawn—no one had ever had enough.

Marco sang again after supper with more feeling and less voice, and Damiano was persuaded to give Tosti's *Luna d'Estate* and *Pecché?* which he sang as well as they could be sung, in spite of the excellent supper he had eaten. He was no exception to the rule that all really inspired cooks are greedy.

It was not till the East was rosy that Damiano and his pupil, both flushed with triumph, left the Villa Glaucus. Together they watched the sun's path of gold across the star-sapphire sea.

"A symbol!" cried Damiano. "Yours will be a golden path. The gods have given you many gifts."

"The best is your goodness to me, *caro Maestro*," said Marco humbly. "How can I ever repay you for what you have done for me?"

Damiano waved this away.

"I should not have helped you if I had not known it was worth while."

Marco hesitated a moment, evidently wanting to say something.

"Well, what is it?"

"Maestro, I have longed to show in some way my appreciation of your goodness to me, and I have always been wondering how I can do it. I have no money. I cannot buy the wonderful present I should like to give you. But these I have for you."

From under his cape he produced a large handful of cigars.

They were Corona Coronas.

"How—how did you get those?" Damiano felt a creeping of the scalp as though his hair was beginning to stand on end.

"Oh, it was quite easy. When I went to fetch your watch from the kitchen. It was the work of a moment. No one saw me."

Damiano at first could only stand helpless with his teeth chattering and his underlip quivering.

"You are not pleased, Maestro? You do not like them?"

"Pleased——!"

Then he found his tongue. There are no English equivalents for the phrases that poured from it. Enough that Marco shuddered and paled beneath them. When the first flood was exhausted—

"Ruin! Ruin! You have ruined me! I, Damiano, of the noble family of Chilosá, to be suspected of such a petty crime! Never, never can I show my face among *gente per bene*. What will they say? He will miss the cigars—I had shown I liked them—what can he think but that—Ah! and that *antipatico* Englishman who was there. 'Dagoes,' I heard him say. Dagoes! and now this! I am shamed before the world."

Marco was appalled by the effect upon his noble friend of what he considered a simple little act of friendship.

"I will take them back now," he said eagerly. "I will say I took them by mistake. Or I might even put them back without anyone knowing. I could creep down on to the terrace—they will be all in bed——"

Damiano seized him.

"Do not ever go near the place again. If they saw you they would think I had sent you for something else. *Dio mio, Dio mio!* Even if they do not suspect me, they will think it is either you or the little Giannino stealing for me. Leave me! Go, go, and never let me see your face again!"

Marco fled, sobbing, and was lost among the olives.

* * *

Damiano Chilosá's social ambitions died that morning. This dreadful incident cut them off sharp as the stem of a flower is cut and wounded by a steel knife. Marco was one of the blooms that fell.

A strange series of coincidences combined to change completely the pattern of Damiano's life. First, the *inglesi pazzi* disappeared like gipsies in a night, leaving nothing behind but a few discarded bathing caps, and one of the Sans Souci's famous beach shoes which were garnished with red and green silk seaweed to go with her bathing wrap of wide amber *ciré* ribbon. This shoe was presented to Damiano with a wink by the owner of the bathing establishment. He was not displeased by the implication of the wink, but put the shoe away in a drawer and tried to forget all about it.

The English party left without a word for Damiano, nor did he, in fact, ever hear from any of them again. This had a sinister significance

for him, though it really meant nothing at all except that they had found someone else to do odd jobs for them. The strong silent one escaped to the moors without a backward glance, and the rest changed partners and moved to the Lido, whose star was just beginning to rise (or set, as you please).

Then Zio Alfredo died most unexpectedly, leaving Damiano quite a decent little fortune. He broke his singing contracts, bought the vineyard and olive orchard of his heart, married Carolina, and settled down to a peaceful domestic life, all in the space of three months. No one, not even Carolina, knew the true history of Marco's disappearance. The general opinion was that he had been captured by the *inglesi pazzi*, and indeed there were persistent rumours that he had been seen bathing at the Lido. Whatever happened, Damiano has never seen him again, but he follows his career very closely.

Nothing but the loss of his voice or an accident to his face could prevent the success of Marco Tale. As neither of these things have happened, he is now the idol of the two Americas.

* * *

Last Christmas Damiano Chilosá sat on his terrace gazing out at his orchard and his vineyard, and away to the mountain that was like a damson against the blue winter sky. It was a mild and lovely Christmas day. Little Damiano, aged three, was blowing his new trumpet, his great brown eyes rolling with delight. Carolina was in the kitchen, where all good wives should be, preparing delicious food for Damiano's Christmas dinner. She has not wasted her fourteen years of waiting. She never errs as to a leaf, a pinch or a minute, and now Damiano doesn't so much as put his head inside the kitchen door, unless, of course, a delay occurs.

Giannino is doing his military service, which bores him extremely, and his place in the Chilosá household is only being filled by a stop-gap.

The flesh is creeping over Damiano's bones like an oncoming tide. He heeds it not. Of what use is a figure to the owner of a vineyard and an olive orchard? The garments of Poole have long passed on to the backs of slimmer friends. One has been dissected by Ferruccio the tailor, to his own profit and the benefit of his clients.

Ferruccio the tailor and Enrico the barber were coming to share the Chilosá Christmas dinner—friends of Damiano's boyhood. He sat there waiting for them, puffing at his cigar.

It was a Corona Corona.

He had taken it from an enormous box which had arrived that morning, free of duty, from America. A photograph had also arrived. It was inscribed: "*Al mio carissimo Maestro, con la riconoscenza e l'eterno affezione di Marco Tale.*"

There were the gay eyes, the sweet, serious mouth, the classic line, the hair like a raven's wing—unchanged. But there were also perfectly cut clothes, discreet collar and tie, and, on the still slim hand that rested on the beautifully creased knee, one handsome signet ring.

"*Ebbene*," Damiano smiled serenely. "We have both learned something. No harm done."

Little Damiano, having just discovered that the harder you blew the more noise you made, gave a piercing blast.

A delicious aroma was wafted up from the kitchen.

F #



MUSIC IN THE BALTIC STATES

By HERMAN KLEIN

I SPENT recently a delightful three weeks in as many of the Baltic States—Finland, Estonia, and Latvia. I visited in turn the cities of Helsingfors, Reval, and Riga, their respective capitals, and returned by the same route that I went, viz., Hull, Copenhagen, Helsingfors. It was a most interesting trip, restful, beneficial (including nine days there and back by sea in a comfortable steamer), and yet in a way exciting, for it was full of novelty and of sights and experiences that gave one "furiously to think." (Russia I approached by the Baltic years ago—to St. Petersburg and thence to Moscow—but felt not the smallest desire to enter there again now.) But the three republics that I have named, mere provinces before the war, are now new countries "in the making," and it was curious in the extreme to mark how they are striving to build up, out of a strange mixture of old and modern, of ancient and up-to-date, their independent, self-governing dominions that owe vassalage neither to Empire nor Bolshevism. The latter they hate even more than they fear it; for the Soviet tyrants occupied their cities and homes and treated them cruelly until they gained their freedom in 1921. Meanwhile they are at peace with one another, and, in addition to trade and commerce, education and literature, I find that the foremost concern of each country is to encourage, as substantially as its means will admit, the art of music.

That these people adore music may go without saying; the age and wealth of their folk-lore is sufficient proof of the fact. The men may not sing in the streets as do the Italians or Spaniards, but they love opera no less intensely, and they enjoy good open-air music as thoroughly as the Germans or the Austrians. Of the latest musical inventions, sad to relate, the one that has made

NOTE.—The songs which Chilosá and Tale sang at Mr. Adolphus Nerely's party have been recorded as follows:—

H.M.V., D.120.—Enrico Caruso: *Luna d'Estate* (Tosti), with Pergolesi's *Nina* on the other side.

H.M.V., DA.224.—Beniamino Gigli: '*O Surdato 'nnammurato* and *Tu Sola*.

FONOTIPIA, A.91721.—Fernando de Lucia: *Tu Sola* (Gambardella), with *Se chiagnere mi siente*, also by Gambardella, on the other side. This very sad song was also sung by Tale in the course of the evening.

FONOTIPIA, 92706.—Fernando de Lucia: '*O Marinariello* (Gambardella). This is the song of which the barbers and tailors sang the chorus. Anyone hearing it will understand why.

It was Gambardella's *Tu Sola* that Marco Tale sang, not the one on Gigli's record, which is a different song altogether.

O Sole Mio has been recorded a score of times, but the best record is Caruso's.

least headway in their midst is the gramophone. They appear to be just aware of its existence, little more. I can honestly say that the sounds of a decent gramophone—I bar the impertinent noises of the portable instruments that invaded the deck of our English boat—did not salute my ears half a dozen times during the entire pilgrimage. No, a really good gramophone, playing really good records, I never heard once. Which was a pity, because it would have indicated the probability of an early recording of some of the vastly interesting folk-songs, such as the wonderful old things that Mme. Wiegner-Grünberg, a popular and accomplished artist, unique in her rendering of the Latvian *Volkslieder*, was gracious enough to break her holiday in order to sing for me in her handsome flat at Riga. To make records of them she would have to travel as far as Berlin and place herself at the disposal of the Polydor company.

In all three capitals there are choral bodies working with energy and enthusiasm, but August is their holiday time, so I was not fortunate enough to be able to hear any of them. On the other hand, Riga and Reval were both busy with preparations for opera seasons that were to last many months, and in the latter city, as I shall presently relate, I contrived to attend the opening performance whilst on my return journey to catch the boat at Helsingfors. At Riga I stayed six days, and thanks to the courtesy and hospitality of Dr. A. Bihlman, one of the chiefs of the Latvian Foreign Office, and a man of great culture and distinction, I enjoyed every moment of the time. He introduced me to, among others, the head of the Conservatoire, Professor Vitols, a gifted Latvian composer, who lived many years at St. Petersburg in the old days and was the friend of Tchaikovsky and Glazounov

(still alive and hearty, he informed me). Also Dr. Bihlmans kindly arranged for me to be present at a couple of the rehearsals at the fine opera-house, where they were preparing Rimsky-Korsakov's *Kitesh* for the opening representation of the season. Unluckily it was too soon for me to hear the combined forces on the stage, so that my acquaintance with this remarkable work was scarcely more complete than when it was given in concert form at Covent Garden last March, under the auspices of the B.B.C. Nevertheless, I preferred the splendid Latvian soloists and, still more, the amazing Latvian chorus; while the Latvian text was certainly not more cryptic or unmusical to my Western ears than the Russian had been. I had to make a little speech and compliment them all when I departed.

The new *chef d'orchestre*, no mean rival to Albert Coates, was no other than the talented Emil Cooper (spelt in English fashion), who for three or four years before the war was principal conductor of the Russian seasons given by Sir Joseph and Sir Thomas Beecham at Drury Lane. I had not met him then, but have heard much about him since, his reputation being nowadays of literally European proportions. He afforded me ocular and aural demonstration of his right thereto. Providing me with a vocal score, he sat or stood among his singers, beating time without a baton, his excellent *maestro al piano* placed behind him, and stopping to correct with unerring skill and judgment, he enabled me not only to estimate the qualities of conductor and "conducted," but to appreciate the beauties of *Kitesh* as I had not done before. Cooper is an astonishing little man, a genuine master of his "job," and I sincerely hope that it will be possible for Lt.-Col. Blois to give us an opportunity at Covent Garden of renewing acquaintance with him ere long. He told me he was full up with important engagements for another year at least, but he would dearly like to come to England again.

Riga, although it has not nearly recovered its pre-war glories, is a bigger and richer city than Reval, even as Latvia is a more developed and resourceful country than Estonia, though the latter is now working hard to escape from the fetters of Russian tradition and making up for lost time. To opera in Reval the same contrast applies. The State there is still too poor to allow it an adequate subsidy (in England the B.N.O.C. would be thankful for even so much—about £3,000 annually, at the present rate of exchange), and with that the director, Mr. Hanno Compus, finds it hard to make ends meet. Hence a company somewhat inferior to the Riga combination, as I proved for myself on the interesting opening night of the season. They gave a meritorious representation of Tchaikovsky's *Eugen Onegin* (a dull opera in spite of the many beautiful things that the score contains), but

the only voice to arouse my admiration was that of the Tatiana, a young soprano named Marta Runge, who had come straight from the local Conservatoire. She was, I understood, a *débutante*; certainly her ideas of acting were quite elementary, and her vocal resources were not yet under perfect control. Still, there was all the talent for the making of a successful artist clearly in evidence, with half a dozen others of fair promise from the same institution among the remainder of the cast. Do you wonder, then, if I felt slightly envious of this little distant land, where native singers could be trained for opera in a competent school and then sent straight to the stage to gain their experience, their livelihood, and ultimately reputation and success both at home and abroad? The only trouble is that, as a rule, the geniuses, when they do come along, no sooner become finished artists than they quit their native heath and seek their fortunes in richer localities.

But if Reval cannot afford "stars," the other two capitals can, and to some extent do. I heard no opera, either actual or preparatory, at Helsingfors, but was told that the season's scheme there was tolerably ambitious and that among the expected "guests" was that fine Scottish tenor of rising fame, Joseph Hislop. Apart from his more recent triumphs, his education and early successes in the neighbouring city of Stockholm would account for Finland's interest in him. He is assured of a hearty reception in the more distant capital, where, by the way, he will not be called upon to sing in the local tongue, but in Swedish. I understand that in former times this indulgence was not granted to anyone, however distinguished, and that once long ago even the services of the great Chaliapin were refused because he could not oblige with the Finnish text. To-day I fancy the same objection would scarcely be forthcoming. On the whole, however, Finland is far behind both Estonia and Latvia in the matter of foreign language study. You hardly come across a soul who speaks English, or even German and Russian, except among the better classes, and, for a really go-ahead country in commercial matters, Finland is surprisingly self-centred and isolated in this respect. But of two things at least it can be proud—its music, national, symphonic, and vocal, which we in England already know so much of; and its architecture, which I find not alone strikingly original and characteristic, but noble and impressive in a marked degree.

HERMAN KLEIN.

Some of the best wines are
at the end of the feast

Read pp. L, LII, LIV.

ENIGMA

Upon an old perambulator,
Whose springs have given way,
There stands a brass-horned gramophone;
On it the owner oftentimes does play,
With blunted needles, much the worse for wear,
"The Maiden's Prayer."
The scratched and battered record feebly moans,
Against the traffic's din, that plaintive air;
And, mingling with it, come the tones
Of him who the contraption owns;
The whining voice of hopeless, dull despair.
O, thou divine Apollo, lovely Greek,
Thou patron of all musical art,
And, Saint Cecilia, I bid thee speak,
And unto this enquiring mind impart
Why, among jolly tunes and many a noble air,
This wreck should pitch upon "The Maiden's
Prayer."

BAYARD SIMMONS.

TO A GREAT SINGER

If I had heard thee once, and then no more;
One air, one cadence, just enough to know
The way thy matchless voice could sweep and soar,
Which made fair bosoms throb and sweet tears
flow,
I had been happy had this been my lot,
Remembering this and all the rest forgot!
It may not be: I cannot buy to-day—
E'en in the mart of magic-making toys—
One that will give me back such golden joys,
Not any present can that past portray—
Thy voice is mute; but still within the mind,
Reading the records of an earlier time,
I seem to hear again those tones sublime—
The song is dead—the singer is enshrined!

N. B. S.

(Written after reading "The Enchanted Past" by the
late Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, a daughter of Mario.)



MORE SONGS OF A GRAMOPHILE

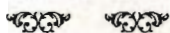
1. ANY GRAMOPHILE TO ANY OTHER.

Vers Libre in the Modern Style.

I have built my own Gramophone,
And although it may sound egotistical,
I say, without the slightest fear of contradiction,
That it is the most remarkable and amazing,
The most unique, superb and awe-inspiring instru-
ment
Of the talking-machine genre
That has ever been invented...
People who come round to my house to hear it
Sit thunderstruck and breathless
Listening in ecstasy to the perfect realism
Of every record that I demonstrate.
And what is more,
They all wholeheartedly aver
That they have never heard a gramophone to
compare with it,
Anywhere,
In any make or shape or style,
And many of my friends, you must remember,
Have visited the biggest stores in London
And heard the most expensive gramophones
Of all the well-known and reputed makes.
Yet... strangely enough a few years ago
I didn't know the first thing about a gramophone,
And the whole outfit only cost me a few pounds.
You see I just got an old packing case,
Fitted a motor, sound-box, tone-arm,
Built an original internal horn,
Added a number of unusual gadgets

(Incorporating theories of my own)
And when I tried it out
The results were simply marvellous...
One or two other things I ought to tell you:
I have completely eliminated surface noise;
There is not the slightest trace of blast or chatter;
The tone is rich and mellow but not tubby,
Brilliant without the least sign of shrillness;
Every instrument in an orchestra can easily be dis-
tinguished;
Balance is impeccable, and every voice
Is true to its own particular register:
A Soprano never sounds like a Contralto,
Nor a Tenor like a Baritone;
Continually the man next door will tell me
How beautifully my daughter plays the piano.
(Of course I don't possess a piano,
And if I did my daughter couldn't play it).
You will therefore realise that I'm not exaggerating
When I say that I have built
Unquestionably the most wonderful gramophone
In the whole world...
And now I sigh, like Alexander
For new worlds to conquer;
To gild the lily;
To make perfection
Even more perfect yet.
It is difficult to know what next to tackle
To exercise the special gifts which God in His
Goodness
Has endowed me with... and yet,
I think I will invent a new type of needle,

Shaped like a pair of pliers,
 So that both sides of a record
 May be played at once
 And heard simultaneously
 In two different rooms
 By two different groups of people. . .



2. BALLADE OF THE PERFECT GRAMOPHONE.

(For context see *Old Moore's Almanac*—sorry,
article, September issue of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

Give ear, ye pilgrims of the Absolute,
 Ye stalwart seekers of the One True Tone.
 Henceforth the carping critic shall be mute,
 And even doubting Thomases shall own
 That since the very timbre of the trombone
 Is reproduced *sans* chatter and *sans* blast,
 Since blur and muffle are no longer known
 The Perfect Gramophone is here at last.

Dissension finally is at an end
 Regarding diaphragms of cork and glass ;
 No need with ardent passion to defend
 The vaunted claims of pumice stone or brass,
 The fibroid qualities of toasted grass ;
 For as a famous prophet has forecast
 The Ineluctable has come to pass,
 The Perfect Gramophone is here at last.

Technicians very soon will seek the dole,
 Their occupation, like Othello's, gone ;
 Balmain may look to his immortal soul,
 His brief, mercurial course is almost run ;
 The day of the symbolic dog is done,
 His tail will never wag again so fast ;
 All must give place before this latest One,
 The Perfect Gramophone is here at last.

ENVOI.

Wilson, your labours have not been in vain,
 Although your theories have been surpassed.
 You may take comfort in this great refrain :
 The Perfect Gramophone is here at last.



3. IF——.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

If you've a "hunch" for tunes that you can't
 whistle,
 Yet cannot tell a quaver from a dot ;
 If you think you can write a nice epistle
 On melodies we moderns have forgot ;
 If you fancy that symphonic syncopation
 Was invented by a crazy Hottentot ;

If, to you, the Charleston seems a delectation,
 And real "dirt" trumpet-playing ultra hot ;
 If you enjoy the great time-honoured classics
 Of Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Bach ;
 If you prefer the ear-splitting gymnastics
 Of Rhapsodies in Blue—or pink or black ;
 If any kind of music seems to get you
 Rather badly in the soul (-ar plexus ?) zone ;
 If this "malaise de cœur" should fume and fret you
 Till you decide to get a Gramophone ;
 If you should find a new-born fascination,
 Maybe discover an unusual flair
 For contemplating the exact relation
 Of sound-waves to the dust-infected air ;
 If you would understand abstruse equations
 Regarding sinuosities so small
 That only by de-luxe imaginations
 They can be seen, or rather sensed, at all ;
 If you've a passion for experimenting
 With sound-box diaphragms and such-like things,
 If you are capable of not resenting
 The fickle functioning of rebel springs ;
 If you hold special views on weight-adjusters,
 And think your theories deserve fair play ;
 If you meticulously use silk dusters
 For polishing your records every day ;
 If you consider tone-arms should be treated
 With water-paint or glue or castor-oil ;
 If you believe tone-chambers should be pleated.
 And fibre needles packed in silver foil ;
 If you sublimely hate the modern fashion
 Of listening to the overrated bass ;
 If you regard with infinite compassion
 The man who tells you volume's a disgrace ;
 If you accept the idealism of Plato,
 And Aristotle simply leaves you cold ;
 If you have figured out a patent way to
 Prevent new records from becoming old ;
 If you can smile when some infernal clicking
 Destroys the beauty of a string quartet ;
 If you can chuckle when your tone-arm sticking
 Makes "Galli" emulate a suffragette ;
 If you believe that perfect needle-tracking
 Can cure all sorts of gramophonic ills ;
 If you imagine that a coat of blacking
 Would revolutionise the use of "grilles" ;
 If you would follow the unique gyrations
 Of Compton testing out a new machine ;
 If you'd be present at the excavations
 Of Klein describing all the stars he's seen ;
 If you surmise—correctly—that these notions
 Reflect the Good, the Beautiful, the True ;
 If art and science tickle your emotions,
 There's one thing you should not omit to do ;
 If you've not started you can soon begin it,
 And monthly see the gallant deed is done :
 Get THE GRAMOPHONE, read everything that's in it,
 And what is more, please pass it on, my son.

C. S. DAVIS.

Have you noticed "THE GRAND IDEA" of the cabinet makers.
DONT BE CONTENT WITH YOUR MACHINE AS A SOUND PRODUCER

The
Green Eye
of the
Little yellow
Dog.



NBG model-de-lux. Sleeping compartment
for pet dog, below pedestal cabinet.



I
Never knew
how wonderful
you were!



The Gezaphone; rust and heat proof.
Accompany your singing in the bath.

Oh!
Miss Hannah!
Aint yer comin'
out ter night!



"Keep Gran happy!"
Buy her this table model with
Pivot-extension-wool-winder.

KBGunter. 10. 1926.

"The
Broad
High e Way e
a la
Peter Dawson.



A
Portable
for
Poachers
Disguised as a mole-hill this model makes
an excellent decoy for gamekeepers.

CHRISTMAS PARTY RECORDS

"A PROGRAMME of Ten Gramophone Records suitable for a Christmas Party. They should suit the old folk, the young folk, old Uncle Tom Cobley and all after a heavy meal." This was the subject of one of the September Competitions, and most of the competitors entered admirably into the spirit of the subject. It is not easy to discriminate between the merits of many of the lists; but with an eye on the prices of the records and the question of what was on both sides of them, the Editor awarded the first prize to LEONARD F. EMMS, 6, West Street, Stratford-on-Avon, and consolation prizes to J. W. Beer, 20, Greenhill Avenue, Bolton; W. H. Scrivener, 22, Parfrey Street, London, W. 6; Miss D. Broad, 19, Commercial Road, Bournemouth; and Haydn H. Hanna, 28, Peter Street, Cumberland. Both the following lists are good models for any reader who is proposing to entertain his family and friends after the Christmas dinner:—

WINNING LIST.

1. Col. 3184 (10in., 3s.).—*Christmas Time in Merrie England*, Parts 1 and 2 (Theo. Bennett), played by H.M. Grenadier Guards. This record is particularly bright and gay; it creates the right atmosphere for a Christmas party. (N.B.—Also obtainable on Aco. G.15308 (10in., 2s. 6d.), played by the Royal Artillery Band.)
2. Zono. 2389 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—(a) *Uncle Tom Cobleigh (Widdicombe Fair)*, (b) *Tarrystock Goozey Fair*, sung by Frank Webster. (a) A rattling good "chorus" record and full value for the money, generally encored, and while the party gets their wind (b) can be played and enjoyed.
3. Aco. G.15588 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—(a) *Two Lovely Black Eyes* (chorus sung in nine languages), (b) *The Man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*, sung by Charles Coburn. This record makes a big appeal to the early middle-age folk, but all can join in the fun.
4. Aco. G.15824 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—(a) *Shenandoah* and *Billy Boy*, (b) *Haul away, Joe*, and *Bound for the Rio Grande*. Sea shanties sung by John Thorne and male trio. Goes splendidly at a party. The next three are fairly well-known records.
5. H.M.V., D.402 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—(a) *Stop yer ticklin', Jock*, (b) *The Lass of Killiecrankie*, sung by Sir Harry Lauder.
6. Col. 3218 (10in., 3s.).—*Parson addresses his Flock*, in two parts, by Vivian Foster.
7. Winner 3789 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—*Reading a Novelette* (sketch), by Will Evans and Co. (b) *Winner Laughing Record*.
8. Winner 4475 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—(a) *Looking for a boy*, (b) *That Certain Feeling*, two fox-trots played by Alfredo's New Princes Orchestra. Something up to date for "Miss 1926" and her friends.
9. Scala 257 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—(a) *When father papered the Parlour*, (b) *John, put your trousers on*, sung by the late Billy Williams. These two songs go with a real swing. The Scala list contains a wide choice of comic songs by Billy Williams.
10. Regal G.6825 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—(a) *Old Jim's Christmas Hymn*, (b) *The Miner's Dream of Home*, sung by Sidney Eden and quartette. Very nicely sung and popular with old and young folk.

LEONARD F. EMMS.

A Gramophone Programme to cater for every taste likely to be present at a Christmas Party, and yet preserve more or less the spirit of the season, is a tall order. But here goes. We must make a start, and the kiddies love a march, so we put on H.M.V., B.2330 (10in.), *Turkish Patrol* and *Stars and Stripes*, Coldstream Guards.

The old folks love the old songs, so, though we must not have anything too lachrymose, Peter Dawson singing *Simon the Cellarer* and *The Pride of Tipperary* (H.M.V., B.2324, 10in.) should please them and Uncle Tom Cobley too.

The kiddies must have their Christmas story, so M. Montefiore tells them one on H.M.V., C.1091, *The Night before Christmas*, and on the other side we have the Trinity Choir giving us all the well-known Christmas tunes, in which everyone can join.

A little humour will not be amiss now, so we call in the aid of Harry Lauder singing *The waggle of the kilt* and *The wedding of Sandy McNab*. This will please any Scots present and give occasion for a little joining in the chorus. The musical gentleman must be debarred from his favourite classics for once, but we may be able to keep the children sufficiently quiet after their recent vocal efforts to allow us to put on a really nice tenor, Mr. H. Williamson singing *The Star of Bethlehem*, and the *Christmas Song of Glory* on Vocalion D.02085. The old folks will also enjoy the former.

The kiddies having been very good during the last record, we give them *Happy-go-lucky day* and *The Kinky Kids Parade*, by the Duncan Sisters, H.M.V., B.2309, and follow this up with Gilbert Childs in *The Rich Man Drives by*, which should give all the grown-ups a real hearty laugh.

Miss Seventeen and Master Twenty will no doubt want some musical comedy stuff, so we give them *I want to be happy* and *Tea for two*, by Helen Clarke and Lewis James (H.M.V., B.1971); this will give another opportunity for joining in a very appropriate chorus.

We follow this with Derek Oldham and Edith Day singing *Rose Marie* and *Indian Love Call* on a Columbia disc of which I forget the number at the moment. This really fine record should please the musical gent in spite of its being a "popular" number.

By this time dinner should have settled down a bit and the old folk will want to retire to their whist and the "young 'uns" to clear the room and hunt out the dance records, so we finish up with *Old Jim's Christmas Hymn* and *Auld Lang Syne*, sung by Peter Dawson with chorus and orchestra on H.M.V., B.1596, in which latter the whole company can join.

JOHN W. BEER.

From the other lists it may be worth to note a few of the most popular records as a hint or a reminder:—

1. H.M.V., D.47 (12in., 6s. 6d.) or Col. L.1471, 1472.—*Children's Overture* (Quilter), New Queen's Hall Light Orchestra.
2. Parlo. E.10134 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—*Toselli's Serenade* and *Gypsy Serenade*, Edith Lorand Trio.
3. Col. 961 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—*I belong to Glasgow* and *I'm Ninety-four to-day*, Will Fyfe.
4. H.M.V., C.1251 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—*London and Daventry Calling*, Savoy Orpheans.
5. H.M.V.C., 1262 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—*Orphée aux Enfers Selection*, De Groot and the Piccadilly Orchestra.
6. H.M.V., B.2327 (10in., 3s.).—*King Cotton* and *Officer of the Day*, A. Pryor's Band.
7. Col. 3504 (10in., 3s.).—*Meanderings of Monty*, Nos. 6 and 7, Milton Hayes.
8. Voc. X.9085 (10in., 3s.).—*Good Christian Men Rejoice and Come, ye lofty*, the Westminster Singers (unaccompanied).

BEETHOVEN & MOZART v. HAYDN!

By JOHN F. PORTE

THE writer feels it his first duty to acquit the three famous men named at the head of this article from any responsibility, either actual or moral, for its contesting aspect. Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven had a mutual respect for each other that modern musical scribes have done their best, or worst, to upset. Haydn is the chief sufferer, inasmuch as he is often treated as a sort of clumsy pioneer who obligingly allowed Mozart to surpass him in orchestration and Beethoven to make him seem a child in symphonic (*i.e.*, sonata) form. Haydn's construction is so simple that the unthinking judge mistakes it for small work and misses its easy, unconscious perfection. Beethoven is also badly handled to-day, for the old giant is invested with a "classical" halo which he never felt; but that is incidental to the present article.

It is a curious, if unwarranted, lesson of time and our so-called "progress" that the remarkable number of complete symphonies issued by gramophone companies in England should have almost omitted Haydn, who settled the definition of the symphony (*i.e.*, sonata) form as we know it. The fine series of complete symphonies on H.M.V. records goes one worse than other issues, for it has missed Haydn altogether. But there is a well-worn idea about that the old man's examples in the form under notice are simple and easy, and therefore but fit for the amateur orchestra. Moreover, they apparently contain no attractions for the *virtuoso* conductor; but that they can attract the public has only lately been proved at Sir Henry J. Wood's Queen's Hall concerts. "Why are not Haydn's symphonies played?" a French critic was asked. "Ah!" was the reply, "They are too dangerous to modern music."

Mr. Compton Mackenzie, referring to Beethoven's first step on the symphonic platform, said (Sept., 1925, page 171, col. 2): "The conventional remark to make about the *First Symphony* is that it is like Haydn. . . . Luckily the gramophone is curing us of these superficial judgments which were often due to our infrequent opportunities of hearing certain works." Of course, the Editor was only considering Beethoven in his article, "The Beethoven Symphonies," but in the foregoing quotation we may see the ideal of the gramophone. Every honest musical scribe will agree that gramophonists must learn to form their own judgments without, at least, the dogmas of the average newspaper music reporter. The present writer agrees that Beethoven's *First Symphony* is not like Haydn,

although it may possibly go beyond Mr. Compton Mackenzie's meaning to add that Haydn was certainly a great man in comparison with a student writing his first symphony, even when that student was Beethoven. A study of one of the best of "Papa" Haydn's symphonies will show how much he must have taught Beethoven. Somebody said in a hurry that the old master's style is light and cheerful, and other people have gone on saying so in a hurry ever since. But so hasty a view gives but a glimpse of the man. Listen to the grave openings of his later symphonies, and to the warmth and elevation of their slow movements! Regarding the cheerful aspect, it should be remembered that Haydn was no hasty worker, as may be supposed from his large output, but the healthiness, animation and humour of his imagination prevent his love of exactitude from becoming mechanical.

The best of Haydn's symphonies include the twelve he composed for his two visits to London. Some of the slow movements are still to be numbered among the loveliest inspirations of the "classical" period. The charming instrumental touches, warmth of feeling and perfection of construction were not lost upon the eager, advancing Beethoven, who learnt more from the methodical Haydn than the inexplicable fountain of Mozart. The *style* of Haydn is easily traced in some early Beethoven, but the *germ*, which is less easily detected, may be found in many of the latter's more important works. The idea of a rhythmic figure, such as we admire in Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, was not unknown to Haydn, who exploited it in the first movement of his *Symphony in D*, better known as *No. 2, The London*. He also favoured the sudden outburst of *fortissimo* after a quiet passage, an effect which is often regarded as an invention of Beethoven. The latter, on his deathbed, was big enough to refer to Haydn as a great man.

There is always plenty of honest, if conventional, praise for the *Minuet and Trio* portions of Haydn's symphonies, yet these are but delightful interludes when compared with the movements on either side of them. From the point of view of gramophone appreciation of the orchestra, a better presentation of the "father of the modern orchestra" is surely necessary. A Haydn symphony can demonstrate distinctness of harmonic mass or progression and of every element of internal structure, while its precision of form seems to-day almost excessive. These attributes are necessary to the student-lover of the great form of the symphony. Haydn miniature scores are cheap to

purchase and easy to follow. From them the gramophonist may learn that the more luxurious and intricate scores of an Elgar, a Strauss, or a Stravinsky, do not necessarily indicate finer music. This lesson is perhaps the danger to modern composers. It need not be so, for one true genius has no fear of another; yet a gramophone revival of Haydn's *Toy* and *Farewell* symphonies might show an illuminating view of the exact originality of the modern claim to novelty in orchestral scores. The following of Haydn symphonies are at present recorded for the gramophone:—

Military. (*Allegro, Allegretto* and *Minuet* movements.) Victor Concert Orchestra. Victor.

Toy. (*Allegro moderato, Menuetto* and *Finale.*) Victor Concert Orchestra. Victor. Also an extract by Mayfair Orchestra. H.M.V.

Farewell (Ger. *Abschiedssinfonie*). (Complete.) Tonkünstler-Orchester. Polydor.

Paukenschlag (Eng. *Drum-stroke*). (Complete.) Orchestra of the German Opera House at Charlottenburg, conducted by Leo Blech. Polydor.

No. 88. (Complete.) Orchestra of the German Opera House at Charlottenburg, conducted by Leo Blech. Polydor.

Surprise. (Complete.) Orchestra of the State Opera House, Berlin, conducted by Dr. Weissmann. Parlophone. New Queen's Hall Orchestra, London, conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood. Columbia. Orchestra of the German Opera House, Charlottenburg, conducted by Leo Blech. Polydor.

No. 13, *G major*. (Complete.) Conducted as above by Leo Blech.

Oxford. (Complete.) Orchestra of the State Opera House, Berlin, conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch. Polydor. Aeolian Orchestra, conducted by H. Greenbaum. Vocalion.

Of the above, the German-played examples are by far the best. The English and American view of Haydn appears to be that he is easy. The Aeolian Orchestra's playing of the *Oxford* shows a typically amateurish attitude, and this from an orchestra least able to treat anything without respect. The American idea of the *Military Symphony* is poor, while none of the extracts of the *Toy* are of particular worth. The *Surprise* is played in a matter-of-fact easy-going style by the New Queen's Hall Orchestra, but is given serious, well-played treatment by the Berlin State Opera House Orchestra. The three examples, *Farewell*, *Paukenschlag*, and No. 88 in the German Polydor catalogue prove to be very finely played and present Haydn at his proper worth. Each of the seven German-played records treats Haydn with respect, an attitude apparently beyond the English records. Yet the present

writer has heard some excellent Haydn in England under Eugène Goossens and Sir Hamilton Harty, and would suggest that these two conductors should record the following representative symphonies by Haydn:—

Symphony in E flat (*With the Drum-roll*).

Symphony in D, known as No. 2 (*The London*).

Military Symphony.

Symphony in C, known as No. 7.

The *E flat* (with the drum-roll) has a slow introduction which plays an important part in the first movement, this fact being of historical interest, for its influence was felt, perhaps unconsciously, by much later composers. The slow movement is an Air and Variations, a form used in Beethoven's *Fifth*. The score of the *Military* contains parts for triangle, bass-drum and cymbals; Beethoven used these in his *Ninth*! In the *London*, Haydn uses a rhythmic four-note figure that strangely foreshadows that of the same movement of Beethoven's *Fifth*. Folk-tunes are also prominent in this *London* symphony, an idea that was not lost upon Beethoven in his *Pastorale*. Haydn was always ready for novel instrumental effects and must have lost Beethoven many a discovery. The four symphonies recommended for recording belong to the famous series (two sets of six each), composed for the impresario, Salomon, in London, and produced in this city under Haydn's own direction. May the gramophone reproduce them in this country!

Lately we have had a feast of Mozart articles in THE GRAMOPHONE. This composer is often played off against "Papa" Haydn. Mr. Francis E. Terry, in his excellent survey of Mozart's instrumental works, does not quite escape the old trap of making dangerous comparison with Haydn. Referring to Mozart's *Symphony in E flat*, No. 39, he says (Feb., 1926, page 408, col. 1): "... it epitomises that side of Mozart's genius which most influenced Haydn's later works; and, in mood, it is very level-headed and avoids those intenser and more intimate emotions by which Mozart is most obviously distinguishable from his great contemporary; on the other hand, it has a certain subtle graciousness and sophisticated simplicity which differentiates it from Haydn, and the orchestral colouring has a refinement and suavity not to be looked for in Haydn; ..." Most of this is true enough, and Mr. Terry skilfully holds the balance between the two classics. But, on the other hand, Haydn's orchestration has a certain bigness of outlook and a daring spirit of novelty ("modernism") that are but present in a markedly lesser degree in Mozart. The latter was an incomparable, but essentially lone, genius. Haydn is far more connected with the onward path of symphonic music,

although it was Mozart who aroused him. Much more of Beethoven can be traced to Haydn than to Mozart, and Beethoven can be traced right to Wagner and so on. The man is always reflected in the music, and Haydn was greatly superior in moral fibre to Mozart. Unlike the latter at his worst, he was never morbid, sentimental or frankly superficial. Mozart's refinement sometimes approaches a fluent superficiality that the honest, healthy-minded Haydn could not experience. The latter never reached the Mozart of *Don Giovanni* and *Die Zauberflöte*, but neither did he descend to the Mozart of the dilly-dallying slow movement of the *Symphony in G minor*, No. 40, the tiresome *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*, and the shallow piano sonatas. (Haydn's works in the last-named form are generally recognised as superior to those of Mozart.) And it is to be doubted whether Mozart could ever have tackled a work like *The Creation*. In the latter we find Haydn reaching heights of inspiration and working with a vision of lofty sanity and logic that Mozart probably could never have felt in religious music. The latter's efforts in this direction are beautiful, but not without that vein of superficial fluency which was always lurking within him. Haydn, burning with deeply-felt zeal, was reaching out to something in advance of his time, even to the extent of high-grade descriptive music. We should have some of those magical

choruses from *The Creation* (Ger. *Die Schöpfung*) on gramophone records. Yet this great work is at present only represented by the following arias:—

In Native Worth. Tudor Davies, tenor. H.M.V.

Nun scheint in vollem Glanze der Himmel (*Now shone Heaven in fullest splendor*). Emil Fischer, baritone. Polydor.

Rolling in Foaming Billows. Radford, bass. H.M.V. and Zonophone.

With Verdure Clad. Austral, soprano. H.M.V. Bessie Jones. Zonophone. Very good!

The Heavens are Telling (chorus). Conway's Band. Victor.

Haydn's later and perhaps most wonderful oratorio, *The Seasons* (Ger. *Die Jahreszeiten*), is now hardly known in England. An air from it is on the reverse side of the record by Emil Fischer, listed above. Two further airs, one the *Cavatina*, are sung by Ludwig Dornay, tenor, on a Polydor record.

Elsie Suddaby has recently recorded the charming song, *My Mother bids me bind my Hair*. This is lovable Haydn. As for his chamber music, this is too well known to gramophonists to need any "booming." Further, it is too prolific in both possible and actual recordings to be treated in one general article.

JOHN F. PORTE.



NEGLECTED COMPOSERS

By W. A. CHISLETT

III.—Alexander Constantinovitch Glazounov

THE life of the "little Glinka" stands out in sharp contrast to that of most musicians of rank in its undisturbed peace. It is said of him that he "lives in the house of his fathers, sleeps in the bed on which he was born, and works in the room in which it formerly stood," and the geniality begotten of such circumstances is reflected in his music.

Alexander Constantinovitch Glazounov was born on July 29th, 1865, at Petrograd, in which city his father was a successful publisher and bookseller. He received his first instruction in music at the age of nine, and, displaying outstanding gifts, in 1879, on the recommendation of Balakiref, became a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov, under whose guidance

he progressed with such remarkable rapidity that, at the age of sixteen, his first symphony had been completed. This symphony, in E minor (*Op. 5*), was performed on March 17th, 1882, under the direction of Balakiref, and so impressed the audience by its maturity and dignity that, on becoming known that this was the work of a young student, it was freely rumoured that Rimsky-Korsakov had been prevailed upon to allow the name of his pupil to be appended to a new work of his own.

The effects of this early work were very far-reaching, for a certain M. Belayef, a wealthy lover of music, was so impressed by it that he decided to remove what had been a difficulty in the past by establishing a music publishing business (if

necessary on a philanthropic basis) to issue the works of Glazounov and other Russian musicians. From this time the career of Glazounov has been one of uninterrupted success, his new works being published and performed throughout Europe and America almost as soon as completed. In 1900 he was appointed Professor of Instrumentation at the Petrograd Conservatoire and in 1905 succeeded his old master and friend, Rimsky-Korsakov, as Principal of that Institution.

Glazounov has said that the mere fact that he is composing for a combination of instruments should present no more difficulties to the ideal orchestral composer than he would find if writing for the piano; that he should be so completely at home with his materials that colour comes naturally and without effort. He himself is a master of the art of orchestration and in the symphonic music we find much of his best work. Although many of the earlier works are "programme" music, Glazounov is not concerned with events so much as the mood engendered by the sight or thought of them. His ideal, however, always appears to have been "absolute" music, and we find the literary or other external element gradually becoming of less importance, and the music relying more and more on sheer beauty of expression. Speaking of the later works, Rimsky-Korsakov, in his Memoirs, says, "He has abandoned the thickets of *The Forest* (Op. 19), the depths of *The Sea* (Op. 28) and the walls of *The Kremlin* (Op. 30)." Such works are the sixth and eighth symphonies and the "Middle Ages," the inherent beauty of which is quite sufficient in itself.

In spite of this idealistic search for pure music, Glazounov still retains his early affection for the ballet. His magnificent orchestral colouring is of great value in this branch of his art, even in the theatre, and it is due to this, almost as much as to the value of the thematic material, that these suites are so much more acceptable, when divorced from the stage action, than is most ballet music. His most important contributions in this direction are *Stenka Razin* (which was written originally as a symphonic poem in 1885, the ballet not being designed until several years later), *Raymonda*, *Ruses of Love*, *The Seasons*, and *The Love of Three Kings*.

It is, however, for his chamber music that Glazounov is best known and, perhaps, most respected in England. In addition to many string quartets, written in the traditional form, there are numerous short pieces written for this combination which are obviously the outcome of the jovial and convivial meetings of the Belayef Circle. When Belayef commenced his publishing business, he also inaugurated the famous Friday evening meetings of this Circle, at which works submitted for publication were tried over. These meetings were of a very happy character and on occasions, no doubt, severely classical music would have been

out of place, and, as a consequence, works of a shorter and lighter nature came into being, such as the *Friday* and *Birthday* series of quartets, of which Glazounov composed his share, and the five *Novelettes*. The *Belayef* quartet really belongs to this group also, and the story of its composition is interesting. The members of the Circle, wishing to do honour to their friend and patron, took the three syllables of his name—"Be" being repre-



sented by the note B flat, "la" by the sixth note A in the natural scale, and "yef" by the note F—used the theme as the

leitmotif from which to produce a quartet in four movements: (1) an *Allegro* by Rimsky-Korsakov, (2) a *Scherzo* by Liadov, (3) a *Serenata alla Spagnola* by Borodin, and (4) a *Finale* by Glazounov. Although the value attached to this work is largely that of a curiosity, it has merit as a work of art, and is a typical example of the intimate and happy way in which the members of this Circle worked together, the result of which was the institution of a new form for the string quartet and the production by Glazounov and others of a rich store of music, comparable for its lyricism and freshness to that of Haydn.

The records issued up to the present are not so important as might be expected on looking at the following quite lengthy list, though some of them, notably the *Novelettes*, are of charming music and well-recorded: Columbia, L.1031, *Slave Quartet* (Op. 26), *Interludium* and *alla Mazurka*; 940, *Novelettes*, Op. 15, No. 2, *Oriente* and No. 5, *all Ungherese*. H.M.V., E.342, *Chant du menestrel* D.B.251, *Novelettes*, Op. 15, No. 3, *Interludium in Modo antico*; D.A.246, *Meditation*; B.1843, *Novelette* (Op. 22, No. 2); D.868, *Novelettes*, Op. 15, No. 5, *Valse*; D.A.576, *Serenade Espagnole*; D.B.288, *Valse du Ballet Raymonda*. Vocalion, R.6077, *Suite*, Op. 35, No. 2, *Scherzo* and No. 5 *Valse*.

The Polydor catalogue contains 65905, *Scherzo and Totentanz*, and 65904, *Aus dem Mittelalter*. I have never heard the former, but can cordially recommend the latter as an excellent record (judged by the standards of the old method of recording) in spite of the "cuts."

W. A. CHISLETT.

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THE GRAMOPHONE AND THE SINGER

(Continued)

By HERMAN KLEIN

The Year's Best Operatic Records

VIEWED from the mechanical side, 1926 has been a year of such remarkable progress as to make it outstanding in the history of the gramophone. It would be idle to pretend that vocal art has contributed in any measurable degree to that advance; but, on the other hand, it is undeniable that gramophone singing has been facilitated and improved by it in more ways than one. The job of making records is no longer the experimental, doubtful, nerve-wracking one that it was a little time ago. The reviewer never knows, of course, any more than the public, how many essays and repetitions have gone to the making of the record that is passed, or, as they call it, "released" for sale. Speaking generally, however, I would give it as my opinion that the purely vocal achievement to-day bears evidence of greater spontaneity and ease, of less trepidation and strain, and even of a stronger dramatic atmosphere, than it has done heretofore. This alone should and does represent an enormous gain.

Some 25 or 30 records seem to me to stand out prominently among these which I have reviewed in THE GRAMOPHONE magazine during the year now drawing to a close. Each month in turn yielded one or more of these extra-meritorious examples, and I begin with one from a foreign *atelier* (January, p. 391) that was really very good indeed. It was a rendering in German of the two duets for soprano and baritone from *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* by Lotte Lehmann and Heinrich Schlusnus (Polydor 72933). This was not, of course, a specimen of the wonderful new electrical recording, which has only lately been adopted by the Polydor Company. But the method was, *sui generis*, of the best; and the two voices were as delicately balanced as the style of the singers was pure Mozartian. The diction, too, was refined and clear above the average.

In February I gave especial praise (p. 444) to the work of two distinguished baritones, Michael Bohnen and Riccardo Stracciari. The former, a Wagnerian artist of the first rank, gave on a two-sided disc (Polydor 85277), a singularly fine rendering of Wotan's farewell to Brünnhilde in the closing episode of *Die Walküre*. He has his faults, judged by the highest vocal standard, but his voice is little if aught inferior to that of Heinrich Schlusnus, who enjoys about the same measure of fame in Germany; and until I have heard them both on the stage I shall not venture to compare more closely

these popular Polydor stars. I repeat the opinion that Michael Bohnen possesses an organ of exceptional beauty, and his record of the *Abschied* is perhaps the finest there is. Stracciari's records of the two solos for Mephistopheles in Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* (Columbia X.333) were extremely good and quite deserve a mark of distinction. Nevertheless, I find him even more in his element in the two lovely airs from *La Favorita* (Columbia X.334), which he made at the same time and were noticed by me the following month (p. 487). His admirers cannot afford to be without this well-laden 10in. disc. Another gem issued in March was the splendid American record by Rosa Ponselle of Ponchielli's *Suicidio* and the *O patria mia* from *Aida* (H.M.V., D.B.854). It made an immense impression on me, alike for the beauty, freshness and power of the voice and the intensity of its emotional appeal. I hope we are going to hear Ponselle at Covent Garden before she approaches the "sere and yellow" period. It is years since an Italian dramatic soprano of her calibre sang here.

Emmy Heckmann-Bettendorf is another soprano, of different nationality, it is true, who would receive a very warm welcome whenever the powers that be care to introduce her to London audiences. Her voice is of an exquisite timbre and it reproduces with a fidelity that is extremely rare. I commented upon several of her records during the year, but upon none more favourably than the two melodies from Strauss's *Ariadne in Naxos* (Parlophone E.10421), noticed in the March number (p. 489). The music may not be familiar, but the record is a gem. Again, a month later (p. 530), the same artist's recording of the two airs for Amelia in *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Parlophone E.10431) claimed similar admiration; and together with it I placed the fine, if not wholly faultless, effort of Maartje Offers in the great contralto air from Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* (H.M.V., D.B.907). In April there also appeared the first of Gertrude Kappel's magnificent records (Polydor 66099-66100) of Brünnhilde's closing scene from *Götterdämmerung*, which I consider the most successful example of sustained vocal declamation yet achieved from this music-drama. Worthy to rank with it in its way is Marie Olczewska's poignant and tragical delivery of Waltraute's message from the same section of the *Nibelungenring* (Polydor 72982), only the task was less exacting. (The whole of this very

desirable group were noticed on pp. 530-1 and the second Brünnhilde portion in August, p. 125). The April review further included an interpretation of the duet from the last act of *La Bohème* by L. Bori and T. Schipa, which, I think, I fairly described at the time as "complete and absolutely adequate."

The difficulty of discovering operatic novelties grows more and more evident. Different artists caracole upon the same old "battle horses," regardless of the opportunities that they afford the critic for more or less damaging comparisons. They even display a *penchant* for identical excerpts upon the same disc, witness, for example, the two Columbia issues (May and October) of *Celeste Aïda* and *Cielo e mar* sung respectively by Francesco Merli (D.1546, p. 576) and by Ulysses Lappas (L.1762). I had to praise both because both deserved it; but I positively refuse to risk my personal safety by minutely comparing them now. Suffice it to say that lovers of these airs will find in each some magnificent tenor tone. Another May contribution (p. 575) of rare excellence was the duet for Hans Sachs and Eva from Act II. of *Die Meistersinger*, as interpreted (Parlophone 10443) by Alfred Jerger and Emmy Bettendorf. A better than this it would be difficult to imagine.

The first of the summer records done by Chaliapin with chorus was not from Covent Garden, though doubtless the outcome of electrical recording. It was the selection from *Boris Godounov* by the H.M.V. symphony orchestra and chorus (D.B.900), and I select it for mention again here, because, as already stated (Vol. IV., No. 1, p. 35), it has all the "life, vigour and *élan* of a stage performance." Later on came the reproductions of the real thing in the shape of the *Mefistofele* records noticed in August (p. 125) and October (p. 203). These two discs (H.M.V., D.B.942 and D.1109) were even more amazing in that they were obtained *in situ*, and so convey the very elements of a rendering upon the stage itself. On that account I regard them as gramophone records possessing a historical value because the first of their kind and therefore especially worthy of preservation. In June (p. 35) I also drew attention to a remarkably good 10in. disc (H.M.V., D.A.759), of airs from Berlioz's *Faust* and Bizet's *Jolie Fille de Perth*, sung by Marcel Journet. They accentuated regret that the celebrated French basso did not revisit, as promised, the scene of his former glories at Covent Garden. Somehow I fear that we are not going to hear him again on this side of the Atlantic, and if so his latest records will possess a peculiar interest for those who heard him in bygone days. In the same issue came an exceedingly good record by Elda di Veroli (Duophone G.S.7007) of *Caro nome* and the *Proch Variations*.

Two great *coloratura* singers and a clever Wagnerian prima donna provided exceptional material

for comment in July (p. 77). From Amelita Galli-Curci we had the Mad Scene in *Hamlet* (H.M.V., D.B.297), and from Selma Kurz the *Ah, non credea*, with the *Ah, non giunge* from *La Sonnambula* (Polydor 72953). The charm of the former lies in ease and grace rather than pronounced characterisation, but the singing throughout is intensely individual and interesting—in fact, Galli-Curci of the best type. The second is equally worthy of Selma Kurz in its vocal finish and purity of style; while the third, by Elsa Alsen (Parlophone E.10453), furnishes an unusually careful and authentic rendering of *Isolde's Liebestod* by first-rate executants.

My re-review is nearly done. September was, for me, drawn blank. In October was noted (p. 203) the splendid record of duets from *La Forza del Destino* and *La Bohème*, by Joseph Hislop and Granforte (H.M.V., D.B.939), which I understand has won general admiration. I must not forget, either, a special word for Fritz Jökl's *Una voce* (August, p. 203, Parlophone 10461), because it was decidedly above the average. Finally, in November, came a large and rather choice collection, the pick whereof comprised (pp. 247-8) the *Walküre* duet by Göta Ljungberg and Walter Widdop (H.M.V., D.B.963); the *Aïda* duet by Rosa Ponselle and Giovanni Martinelli (H.M.V., D.A.809); and the Wolfram pieces from *Tannhäuser* by Heinrich Schlusnus (Polydor 66408). All these were virtually beyond criticism.

HERMAN KLEIN.

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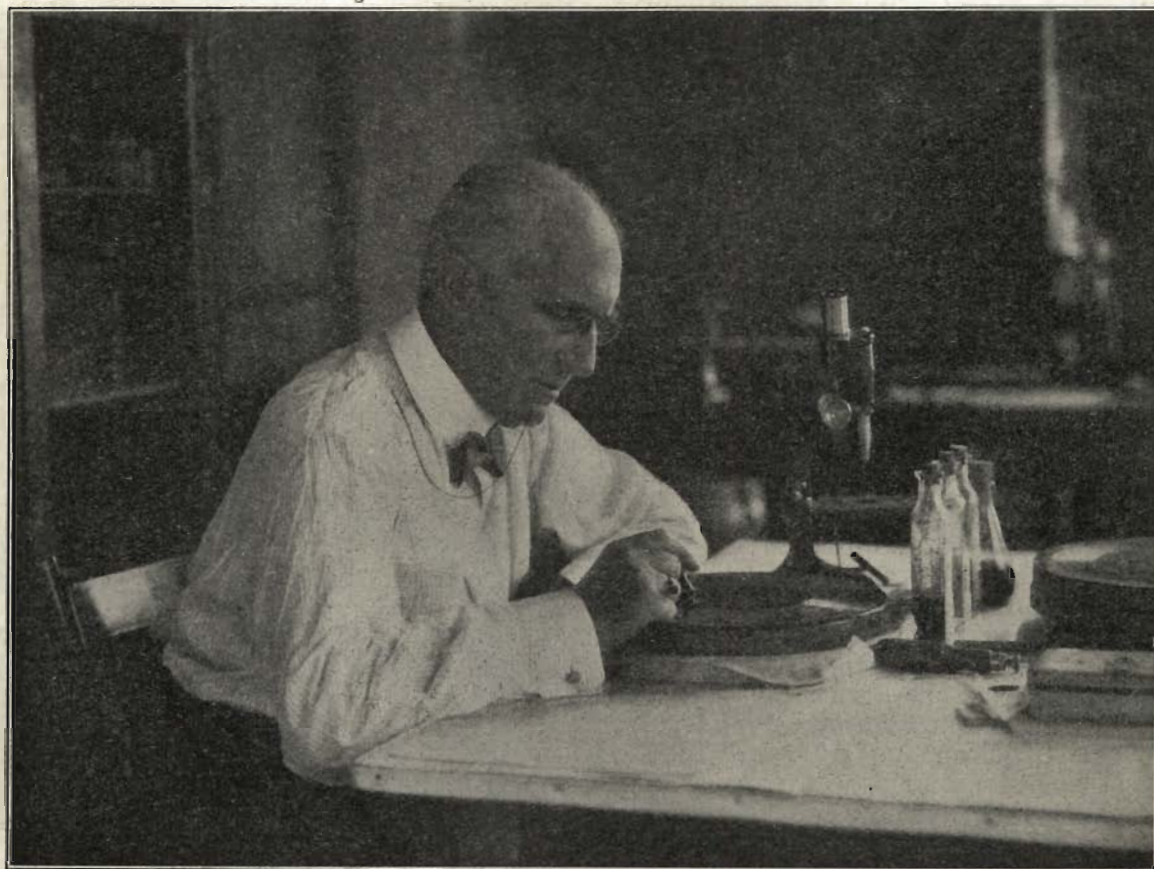
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BIRTH OF THE GRAMOPHONE

By CLARA LOUISE LESLIE



EMILE BERLINER

ON Columbia Road, in Washington, D.C., not far from famous Sixteenth Street, there was recently razed an old brick homestead. It was the birthplace of the gramophone.

The house had been a landmark dear to all who knew its past associations, and throughout the civilised world people have been made happier as a result of the scientific achievement wrought there many years ago. But the heedless hand of evolution swept away the stately structure and this chrysalis of so much melody and happiness was doomed to disintegrate among the husks of progress.

For more than forty years 1458, Columbia Road, was the home of Emile Berliner, world-famed inventor. He lived at that address when horse-cars were the mode of travel in Washington. It was he who in the upper left front room of this house experimented with the patience and persistence that finally brought to light a fundamental in the art of sound recording, namely, the superior lateral cut disc record, the type of record now used almost universally in talking machines.

Berliner invented and patented his talking machine in 1887 and named it "Gramophone," the writing of sound.

About two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Berliner, whose family of children have grown and married, decided that this house was too large for them, and took quarters at Meridian Mansions, on Sixteenth Street, where they now are living. Regardless of the sentiment naturally clinging to this honoured old residence, it was like Emile Berliner to make such a change. And here, perhaps, is one of the secrets of how at his age he maintains his youthful vigour. He believes in keeping up with the times. He says that inadaptability to change invites old age. About the only "old" things Mr. Berliner seems hopelessly attached to are old friends.

It was at this picturesque old residence that Berliner invented the first talking machine which utilises a groove of even depth and varying direction, and in which the record groove not only vibrates, but propels the stylus across the record. For this and for his telephone inventions he was awarded the

John Scott medal and Elliot Cresson gold medal by the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia. Such a sound record in which the sound waves are cut horizontally like writing is a truer picture of the voice than records cut in the up and down manner, and the great artists sing only for talking machines of this type.

Berliner also invented and perfected the present method of duplicating disc records. His invention makes it possible for the Victor Talking Machine Company at Camden, New Jersey, to put out so many records in one month that it would take nineteen years' consecutive playing to play them all through. In Berliner's office to-day may be found a picture of the best known dog in the world. It is in the form of a legal document—a patent granted him for "His Master's Voice." It was Berliner who foresaw the commercial possibilities of this picture and secured exclusive rights for the use of it as a trade-mark.

The *Washington Post* of January 17, 1926, said:

"It is perhaps safe to say that no other one man in the history of the world has ever contributed quite as much to the interest of music as has Emile Berliner. He is a self-taught physicist, having always specialised in the science of acoustics. He is himself enough of a musician to play the piano and violin and about twenty-five years ago he composed some American anthems, one of which was played on the White House grounds before the President by the full Marine Band, and was afterward sung in Washington schools for a number of years."

"Berliner is also the inventor of the microphone, the voice of which has now become the soul and sunshine of homes, hospitals, and outposts the world over; and in the new method of making talking machine records the microphone instead of the voice direct is now being used for recording. This, as far as Mr. Berliner is concerned, looks rather like a monopoly in genius. Truly Berliner has set human life to music."

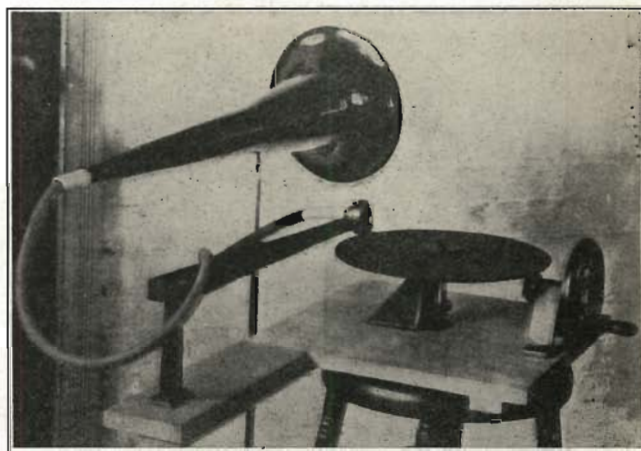
It is interesting to look back and see where such singular ability had its origin. Emile Berliner was born in Hanover, Germany. This was in the days of small provinces and many monarchies. In those times the province of Hanover, of which the City of Hanover was the capital, was ruled by a king who was blind. Due to his misfortune he had developed an unusual fondness for music. Consequently he contributed from his large wealth toward the maintenance of the Royal Opera in Hanover and in this way made it possible for citizens to hear the highest class of music at a price within reach of even the poorest.

Berliner's mother was one to avail herself of this privilege, and she passed on to this child of hers a passion for melting harmonies. Berliner's father was a great student of fundamental logic and with this combination for an inheritance Berliner became what

he is, a genius in the art of music and acoustics. He has been an American citizen since he was 24.

After having made such unprecedented contributions to science Mr. Berliner began about twenty-five years ago to devote himself to the subject of public health. He believes that prevention of disease is better than cure. Accordingly he now maintains and supports the Bureau of Health Education, which has sent out for more than five years, free of charge, to every new mother in the district of Columbia, a booklet on the care of her child. The infant death-rate in Washington has been reduced over 75 per cent. since 1901, when Berliner began a campaign of newspaper education for Washington mothers.

For a number of years Mr. Berliner was president of the Washington Tuberculosis Association, and he



FIRST GRAMOPHONE EXHIBITED BY MR. BERLINER IN A PUBLIC EXHIBITION BEFORE THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE OF PHILADELPHIA ON MAY 16, 1888.

is still chairman of its committee on publications. As such he became the author of the well-known health rhymes which have been used for many years in the public schools in Washington.

Emile Berliner is responsible for America's national pasteurisation of milk by having planned the Washington milk conference of 1907, which was attended by the leading sanitarians of the government.

When the Columbia Road residence was vacated Berliner built an adjacent office building suited to his needs, at 1464, Columbia Road, where he now puts in regular hours directing his health work and developing his latest invention, acoustic tiles. These tiles promise to end the cries of "Louder! Louder!" heard in convention halls, to render churches and auditoriums free from disturbing reverberation and echoes, and in elaborate structures, such as cathedrals, even promise to reflect sound around corners into remote alcoves and side chapels. This inventor seems to have gotten the world by the ear!

During the interview which preceded the writing of this story, Berliner, always busy, carried through his office room a life-size bust portrait of the great composer, Gluck. The painting, done in oil, was a free-hand enlargement from a small cabinet photograph and proved to be the work of Berliner's own

hands. It bore every mark of professional workmanship. One wonders in what direction this genius may yet turn his endeavours.

Perhaps one of the secrets of his continued success is his self-forgetfulness. His rule is: "Never dwell on a success—reach out for the next."



THE LONG-PLAYING RECORD & THE GRAMOPHONE OF THE FUTURE

By P. WILSON

THE recording of the orchestra by the electrical process has become so successful that a new terror has been added to our lives. In the old days one could put up with the necessity for changing records and needles with a certain amount of equanimity, but now the end of the record comes with a distinct sense of annoyance. Such excellent records as the *Fire Music* (H.M.V., D.1076) and the *Tannhäuser Overture* (Col. L.1770 and 1771) cry aloud for some means by which these harrowing interruptions could be avoided.

There are only two ways by which a longer playing time could be obtained:

- (1) Reducing the speed of the groove under the needle.
- (2) Increasing the length of the groove.

For the reasons which I gave in a note upon "World Records" (Vol. iii., p. 333), the first method appears to be out of the question so long as we continue our present means of reproduction. We depend for our energy supply on the speed of the turn-table; the smaller the number of revolutions per minute, the less energy is available per minute for conversion into sound. The second method is equally barren of hope. There are two possible ways in which it could be tried. The size of the record could be increased, but we may reject this possibility at once; to get the playing time which we require the record would have to be something like four feet in diameter. Alternatively, the number of grooves per inch might be increased from 100 to, say, 500. But this would mean, among other things, that the volume of reproduction would have to be severely reduced; the grooves very nearly run into each other even now and there is certainly no space for an increased number of grooves per inch, whilst the records are so heavily scored.* With "hill-and-dale" records the position is rather different and rumour has it that Edison records with over 400

grooves to the inch will shortly be available. But even they are not entirely free from this disadvantage. The "hill-and-dale" groove is not of the same width at all points. Where the cut is deep the groove is wider than where it is shallow. The possible depth of groove (which regulates the volume of the reproduction) is therefore controlled by the possible width.

It has been suggested that the long-playing record should be in the form of a flexible ribbon unwinding from a reel across a rotating drum, the drum being required to give the necessary momentum. Such a system would have many practical advantages, including constant linear speed, constant angular momentum of the drum, accurate alignment, and more uniform reproduction throughout. A flexible record is by no means impossible; the Duophone Company are just producing one. But a ribbon record would be much more difficult to make than a disc. A special kind of ribbon would have to be used for recording, the production of "masters" and "mothers" by the process of electrolytic deposition of copper would present immense practical difficulties and a process of rolling would no doubt have to be substituted for the present presses. All this would mean huge capital expenditure and when it had all been done very few people would have the apparatus necessary to reproduce such a record, and the record sale would consequently be very small. We can therefore set aside this idea as being commercially impracticable.

There are two other possibilities, each of which is more hopeful than anything we have yet considered. They depend, however, upon the adoption of an electrical means of reproduction and for that reason are not likely to become much more than possibilities for some little time. It is not my present purpose to discuss the value of electrical reproduction, though it is sufficiently clear that sooner or later that system must supersede our present mechanical methods. All I wish to emphasise is that as soon as we begin to extract the energy of

* By "scoring" I mean the distance which the gramophone needle has to move from side to side. It governs the loudness of the reproduction.

reproduction from a source other than that which drives the record, then the arguments previously used against slowing down the record speed and increasing the number of grooves per inch no longer hold good. There will be a limit, dependent on the granular structure of the record, beyond which it will not be possible to go. But there will be plenty of opportunity to get a disc record which will last for at least 20 minutes and that would satisfy most of our musical demands. It is interesting to notice how the granular structure of the record affects the question. Incidentally, the argument accounts for one of the features of electric records which has puzzled quite a number of people. The energy, and therefore the loudness, of a sound depends both on the amplitude and on the frequency. Thus, if we have two notes of equal loudness, one of frequency 100 and the other of frequency 1,000, the amplitude of the former must be ten times as great as that of the latter. *To get the same loudness a bass note requires a much deeper scoring* on the record than a treble note.* It follows that if we are to put 500 grooves to the inch and still record a large number of octaves without distortion, then the scoring* of the very high notes must be exceedingly small. If, however, it is comparable with the dimensions of the granular material of which the record is made, then the high notes will either not be recorded at all or will be swallowed up in surface noise. I should add that this argument does not assume that the high notes necessarily impress themselves on the record as tiny little indentations on a smooth curve; whether they do that or merely alter the general wave-form depends upon their relative loudness. But the existence of such fine indentations is apparent to all who look at a record groove.

These considerations indicate that the long-playing record will come so soon as the general public become equipped with electrical reproducers. An advance upon these lines seems to me to be quite inevitable. Within the next ten or fifteen years the gramophone as we know it will be no more. We shall all be reproducing our records, old and new, short-playing and long-playing, by means of an electrical instrument which can also be used for receiving broadcasting. But that is not the end. Sooner or later, methods of reproduction by means of the mechanical contact of a stylus upon a grooved disc must go the way of all lost causes. The development of a non-stylus system is just as inevitable as the development of electrical reproducers. We see the beginnings of it even now. The Brunswick Company record by means of a beam of light playing on a photo-electric cell. It would be much easier for them to produce a record in the form of a photographic film than in the form of an ordinary gramo-

phone disc. They do not market film records simply because there are very few people who would be able to reproduce them. Indeed, it is only since the war that such a method of reproduction has become at all feasible. The earlier photo-electric (selenium) cells were very unreliable creatures, much too sluggish to respond to the fine modulations which are necessary for the faithful reproduction of musical sounds. But a good deal of research has recently been devoted to this subject, largely in connexion with the electric transmission of pictures, and the photo-electric cell is now an instrument of great sensitiveness.

This photographic film method of recording and reproducing is the only one, so far as I can see, which holds out any promise of simplifying recording and at the same time of solving our most difficult troubles of reproducing. One of the great difficulties as regards recording even our present records is that if anything goes wrong in the middle of the record the whole performance has to be repeated. With a film record it would be quite easy to interpose a portion of one negative between two portions of another. Such a process is quite a commonplace in the cinema world. Moreover, the making of film positives from studio negatives would be a much simpler process than the present method of electrolysis and stamping. It would also be much more accurate. The "matrices" would not wear by continued use to anything like the same extent and in any case it is much easier to obtain an exact correspondence between a photographic negative and positive than it is between a matrix and a record.

To reproduce such a record a beam of light would be projected through the film on to a photo-electric cell. This cell would use the flickers of light to modulate an electric current. These modulations would be amplified by the usual system of radio valves and would operate loud-speakers of the cone or other improved type. The photo-electric cell and the mechanism for working the beam of light and film could be shut away in a sound-tight cabinet quite independently of the electric amplifying system. There need be no mechanical noises at all to interfere with the music and little or no record wear. Moreover, the motor driving the film record would not be called upon to do work at a constantly varying rate; it would only be required to keep up a constant and unvarying speed without performing any appreciable amount of work. This is a much simpler proposition than any of those with which we are faced to-day, and the motor could be made thoroughly reliable in every way. There would be no more wobbles in pitch either from sluggish motors or eccentrically bored records ("swingers").

This picture of the gramophile's Eldorado is not in any way exaggerated. It leaves out of account one or two features which may be troublesome, but

*By "scoring" I mean the distance which the gramophone needle has to move from side to side. It governs the loudness of the reproduction.

these are not at all likely to prove insuperable difficulties. Thus, the beam of light would have to be remarkably steady, and the film, apart from the recorded sound-pictures, of fairly uniform transparency. The commercial problem, however, is much more of an obstacle. The scrapping of plant, both recording and reproducing, which the system will entail can only be effected over a period of years. It will be accelerated, however, by the demands of the cinema. A synchronised talking film has been wanted for a long time and the film system of recording sound would seem to offer the greatest prospect of achieving that object. At the present moment, talking films, made according to the de Forest system, are being demonstrated at the Capitol Cinema in London. They sound very much like

a bad gramophone, it is true, but at any rate a start has been made.

During the next ten years or so, then, the course of progress in the reproduction of sound will be firstly towards the supersession of the gramophone by electrical reproducers and secondly towards the substitution of film records for discs. At first the electrical reproducers will be very expensive and in some respects, perhaps, not so efficient as the best existing gramophones. But as time goes on they will become cheaper and more efficient, and we shall probably look back on our present reproducers as rather crude affairs When that time comes the addition of an instrument to reproduce from photographic films will be a matter of no great difficulty or expense.

P. WILSON.



THE ELECTRICAL REPRODUCTION OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

By E. J. WYBORN

AT the end of an illuminating description of electrical recording in the August article of the Expert Committee, a very interesting conclusion is reached. To quote the Committee's exact words: "... if the loudness of gramophone reproduction is to be increased to such an extent as to be comparable with the original performance, . . . The most hopeful prospect at present lies in the introduction of electrical reproducers designed after the manner of the electrical recorders."

I must confess to a slight thrill on reading this comment, as my interest in the electrical reproduction of records was the means of bringing me to a realisation of the extraordinarily high standard attained by recorded music and of making me an enthusiastic "Gramophile."

Electrical reproduction appeared at first to offer an opportunity of reproducing recorded music with a fidelity which would easily exceed that of the ordinary gramophone, but a first electrical reproducer which was constructed to work with an ordinary commercial loud speaker, however, proved inferior both in loudness and in musical quality to a new H.M.V. instrument which was obtained for comparison, showing that the matter was not quite as easy as it appeared.

This brings me to a point about which there should be no misapprehension—there exists at the moment no commercial loud-speaking device, of reasonable price, which can exceed the combination of faithfulness and great volume of sound which are

characteristic of the latest gramophones when using electrical records.

As I suppose that the majority of THE GRAMOPHONE readers have never before heard of electrical reproduction, perhaps it would be better to describe the system before discussing it.

In the electrical reproduction of gramophone records, the ordinary needle is fixed to and vibrates the moving part of a microphone, which sets up oscillatory electric currents similar in wave-form to the undulations on the records. These oscillating currents are applied to a thermionic valve amplifier in which they are amplified many hundred times and finally supplied to a loud-speaking device, in which they are converted into sound waves.

It must be emphasised that in the amplifier the initial currents are used merely to control the larger current in the valves (which operate as instantaneously-acting relays) and the large currents which actually operate the loud speaker are derived from the high tension battery of the amplifier.

Rather a roundabout business you may think, but, after all, the electrical recording system itself is much more involved than the old direct system, and electrical reproduction has certain definite potential advantages which make it worthy of serious consideration.

(a) As the energy which actually produces the sound is derived from a battery and bears no relation in amplitude to the undulations on the record, the volume of sound may be extremely great, as the possible amplification is limited only

by the power-handling capacity of the last valve and of the loud speaker.

(b) For the same reason the record need be only very lightly engraved, as was pointed out by the Expert Committee, thus minimising the trouble caused by the resistance of the wax when recording, and also increasing the life of the record.

(c) Arising out of the greater flexibility of the electrical system, the distortion introduced can be kept extremely small in each stage, so that the actual sound reproduction could be achieved with a greater degree of fidelity than is possible with a simple gramophone.

Having set out the possibilities of our electrical reproducer, we will see to what extent they can be realised in actual practice.

Dealing first of all with the question of loudness, it has already been pointed out that there is at the present time no commercial loud speaker of reasonable price which will handle appreciably more volume than the new gramophones. There are, however, experimental loud speakers in existence which overcome this obstacle, and it is only a question of time before the appearance of commercial instruments which will be capable of producing sound of an intensity comparable to that of the original performance.

The problem of the power-handling capacity of the last amplifier valve is more troublesome.

It must be realised that the amplitude of the oscillatory currents which can be produced in a valve is limited by the anode current of the valve itself, and over-loading the valve will produce serious distortion. To come down to actual figures, the volume of sound which the smaller models of the new H.M.V. instrument will deliver from a fairly loud record is approximately the same as that which could be obtained from a loud speaker, working from a power valve with an emission of approximately 20 milliamperes (e.g., a DE5A valve with 160 volts high tension).

It follows, then, that to handle an increased power two or three of these valves will have to be used in parallel, and the high tension current will be so large as to render the ordinary dry batteries absolutely useless. In cases where alternating current lighting mains or direct current mains of 200 volts or over are available, the solution is supplied by a rectifier or smoother which will enable the supply to be drawn direct from the mains.

In other cases, high tension accumulators of a large capacity provide the only solution, and a rather expensive one at that.

This difficulty brings us to a point which is interesting, although it sounds very much like begging the question. Do we really want this very loud reproduction, or is the existing standard adequate for ordinary home use? For large halls

and for outdoor work there is no question but that the loud volume is desirable, and no doubt the gramophone societies would appreciate it, but for the ordinary home use it seems to me that the existing instruments supply sufficient volume.

Even for home use, however, an electrical system would enable the "ff" passages to be taken without that feeling of "strain" which the majority of the existing instruments seem to exhibit. It is, nevertheless, an open question whether the complication and expense of an electrical instrument are justified for ordinary purposes on the score of greater volume alone.

The second advantage of the electrical system, namely, that the record need be only very lightly engraved is, I am afraid, quite incapable of being realised for a very long time—if at all. Even if electrical reproduction became general for the more expensive instruments it is extremely unlikely that any of the recording companies would undertake the manufacture on a large scale of special records which would be useless for the vast majority of users.

The third advantage, that of greater fidelity, is in my opinion a more considerable advantage of electrical reproduction and together with the possibility of increased volume furnishes a sufficient justification for the greater cost and complexity of the electrical system.

To obtain a clear idea of the reasons for the potential superiority in fidelity of electrical reproduction, it must be realised that the great problem is to preserve all musical frequencies in the same ratio as they are present on the record, and to avoid excessive reproduction of any particular frequency or frequencies at the expense of others. For example, if the upper frequencies, say, from 3,000 to 10,000 cycles, are lost or attenuated, the reproduction tends to become flat and lifeless—speech sounds muffled and the violin sounds like a viola—as instanced by many of the "large diaphragm" gramophone sound-boxes. On the other hand, lack of the lower notes gives a characteristic "shrill" reproduction similar to that of many of the "Exhibition" type sound-boxes, and the majority of the small horn type loud speakers, whilst excessive reproduction or "resonance" of any particular frequencies causes obvious distortion. The success of electrical recording is very largely due to the fact that the over-all departure from equal amplitude in the three stages is considerably less than that in the single operation of the old system, added to which are the possibilities of electrical filter systems for correcting mechanical resonance and the unlimited amplification available.

The case for electrical reproduction is very similar. Sound-box diaphragm resonance, the limitation caused by the mechanical link between the record and the diaphragm, and the consequent

necessity for a horn amplifier cause greater deviation from equal reproduction of all frequencies than would be incurred in the three stages of a well designed electrical system. In addition, the easy control of strength and pitch, the possibility of using several loud speakers located in different rooms if desired, and the removal of the strength limit combine to make a very strong case for electrical reproduction. Furthermore, it is possible by suitable design of the microphone to make the inertia of the moving parts extremely small, so that the wear on the record is considerably less than in the case of the ordinary sound-box—a very important point, particularly with the new deeply engraved records. Having reviewed the general considerations, a brief description of some of the actual instruments used might be of interest.

What was, I believe, the first direct gramophone microphone, and that which is in general use by the B.B.C. for broadcasting gramophone records, consists of an E-shaped permanent magnet as shown in Fig. 1. In the centre limb is fixed a short steel "reed" carrying a small iron armature which holds the needle. The armature is capable of moving between two iron screws which protrude through the two outer limbs and on which are mounted two small coils. There are thus two "magnetic circuits" (as shown by the arrows) which pass through the reed, and the lateral movements of the armature caused by the undulations on the record increase and decrease the lengths of the air gaps in the two circuits, thus varying the strength of the magnetic "flux" linking with the coils. This variation of magnetic flux sets up minute currents in the two coils, which are connected so as to act in concert. The action is thus quite symmetrical and the effect of the natural frequency of the reed is damped by two adjustable rubber buffers which press on opposite sides of the needle. This instrument is very reliable and has produced some excellent results, but it has faults. The fact that the reed has a definite natural frequency of its own inevitably leads to non-linear reproduction, and although this is minimised by the rubber buffers, the latter greatly increase the "load" on the record (thus increasing the wear) and also tend to level up the "ff" and "pp" passages.

An improvement can be obtained by pivoting the armature and reducing the pressure of the damping buffers, but it is probably in the direction of a "moving coil" system that perfection is to be sought. In this type of microphone, the needle is attached to a small coil which is caused to vibrate in the air gap of a strong permanent magnet, thus generating oscillatory currents in the same way that the armature of a dynamo generates current when rotated. The desiderata are a needle holder and coil of extremely light construction, which are

maintained in the correct zero position by a medium which will have no appreciable effect on the actual vibration of the coil. The question is largely one of mechanical design and the near future will probably see the production of a microphone which will produce currents following the exact wave form of the record grooves.

The electrical amplifier is a comparatively simple matter and an amplification of 16,000 times or more can easily be obtained with negligible distortion, the limiting factor being the power-handling capacity of the last valve or valves as has already been pointed out. In making this statement, it is

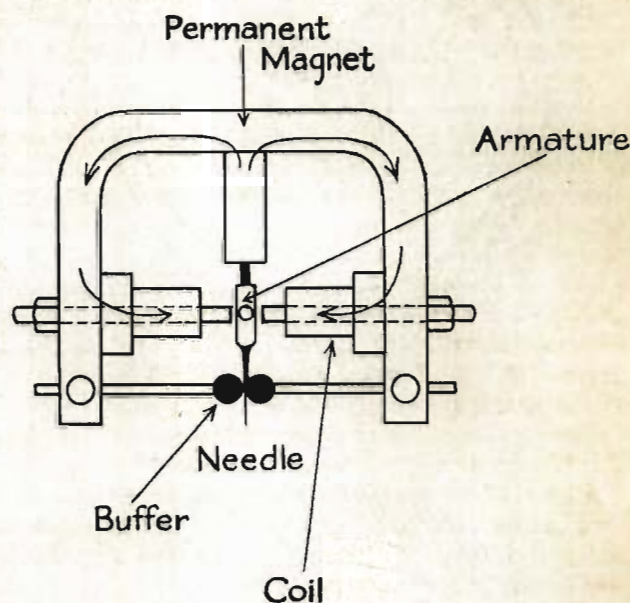


Fig. 1.

taken for granted that the well-known conditions for efficient amplification are observed, for a bad amplifier is capable of producing the most appalling distortion—as instanced by so many broadcast receivers.

I am not quite sure how far a description of the amplifier itself will be intelligible or of interest to readers of THE GRAMOPHONE, but, generally speaking, two stages of resistance coupled amplification and one transformer coupled stage will give ample magnification. The microphone is generally of a low impedance type and is coupled to the first valve by means of a step-up transformer. The next two stages are coupled by the resistance capacity method and finally a low ratio transformer transfers the oscillations to the last valve or valves. The first two valves may be of the DE5B type, the third a DE5, and the last stage should preferably consist of at least two DE5A valves, in parallel, with at least 160 volts high tension. Valves of the LS5 type with up to 400 volts high tension will give still better results, ample high tension voltage and correct grid bias being essential.

By the use of a properly designed inter-valve transformer, the extreme upper frequencies (4,000–10,000 cycles) may be given a progressively increasing amplification which is extremely desirable, as they make all the difference to the truth of the reproduction and are very easily lost.

teristic frequency of the order of 10,000 cycles. A reduction of hiss may therefore be effected by cutting off these extreme upper frequencies, and apparently this is deliberately done by the recording companies.

The considerable reduction of surface noise which

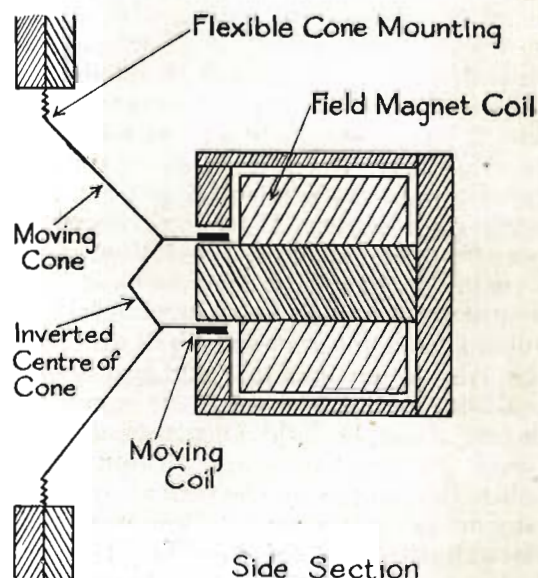
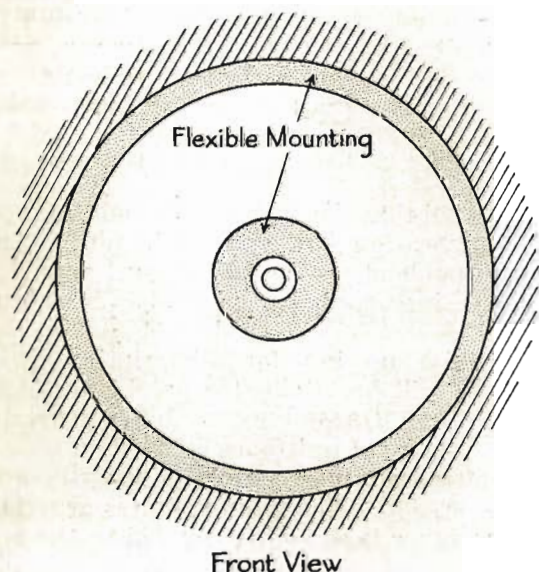
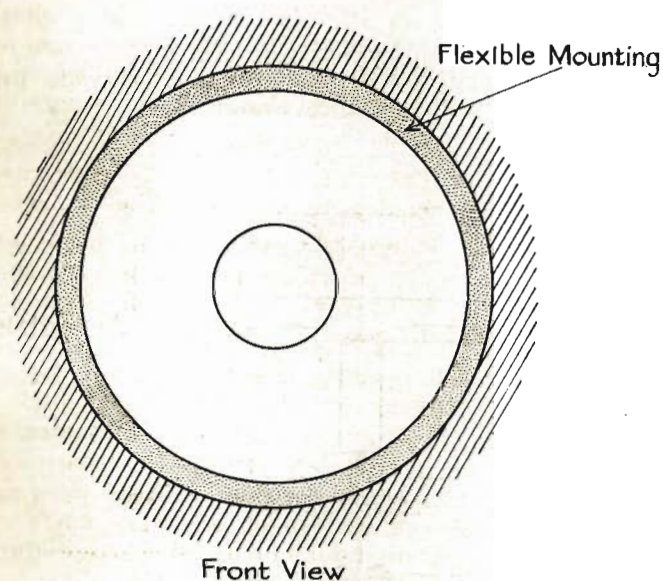


Fig. 2.

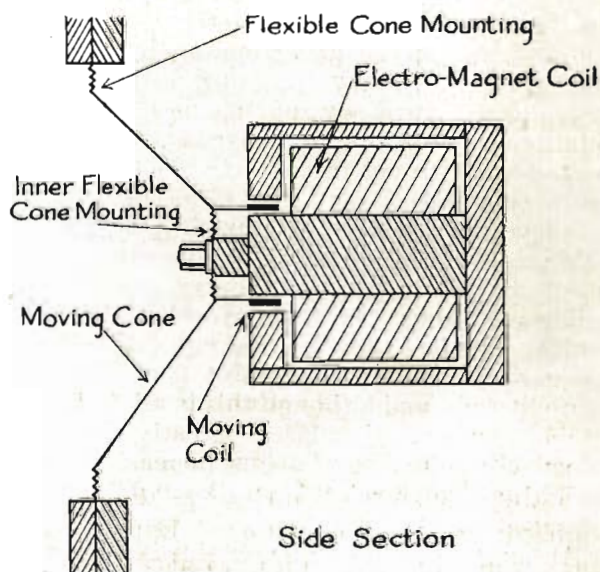


Fig. 3.

Before passing on to the loud speaker, there is one very interesting point which merits discussion, and that is the reduction of "surface noise" which is apparent in an electrical system. Now a good deal of this so-called "surface noise" is hiss produced by the recording instrument and, as the Expert Committee have pointed out, it has a charac-

is obtained with the electrical system however, seems to be to some extent to be independent of the amplitude of the very high frequencies and the sacrifice of the latter on the record might be obviated, with a corresponding improvement in the quality.

We now come to a consideration of the loud

speaker itself—the weakest link in the chain. Generally speaking, the mechanical part of the business is always more difficult than the electrical, and the bigger the power to be handled by the system, the more difficult it is to prevent distortion.

It must be confessed that the ordinary “Stalloy-diaphragm-cum-horn” type of loud speaker falls far short of perfection, and something very much better must be found if we are to improve on the ordinary gramophone. There is probably only one reasonably priced commercial loud speaker at the present time which will give greater fidelity than a good gramophone, namely, an instrument of the large paper diaphragm type, consisting of a large double cone of brown paper, with a “balanced armature” movement enclosed between the two halves of the cone. As at present designed, however, this instrument will hardly deliver a greater sound intensity than a gramophone without “rattling.”

On the other hand, the large loud speakers frequently used by the B.B.C. for public demonstrations are capable of handling an enormous power without any trace of effort, but tend to emphasise a particular range of frequencies in the “middle bass,” whilst reproducing insufficiently the extreme bass and the very high frequencies.

The most promising development would appear to lie in the direction of the paper cone mounted round its outer edge on a narrow ring of thin rubber, stockinet, chamois leather, or other similar material (Figs. 2 and 3).

The cone is driven by a cylindrical coil which is mounted centrally on it and which moves in the air gap of a powerful permanent or electro-magnet. The centre of the cone, inside the coil, may be

inverted, as shown in Fig. 2, or alternately the centre may be clamped to the magnet and fastened to the actual moving cone by another ring of flexible material (Fig. 3).

The oscillatory currents are passed to the coil through a step-down transformer and in conjunction with the magnetic field cause the coil to vibrate in the same way that the armature of an electric motor moves when the current is passed through it, the action being really the inverse of the moving coil microphone previously described.

With this type of loud speaker, the natural frequency of the diaphragm is low and is not very marked, the whole cone moving as a free “mass.”

A very great volume of sound can be produced with great fidelity, provided that a large baffle plate is employed to prevent interaction between the two sides of the cone.

I have, in fact, recently heard a loud speaker of this type reproducing broadcasting with a fidelity which was very striking. The real fundamental notes of the bass instruments and the true sharpness of the violin and the blare of the brass were all present, and the general effect was very much in advance of any gramophone or broadcast reproduction that I had previously heard.

The possibilities of electrical reproduction have not yet been fully exploited, but the development of electrical technique is so rapid that it is, in my opinion, inevitable that electrical reproduction will largely replace the existing system in at least the more expensive instruments and for all large scale work.

E. J. WYBORN.



EMILE BERLINER, MAKER OF THE MICROPHONE

By FREDERICK WILLIAM WILE

(Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 4 dollars)

The acknowledgment at the beginning of this fascinating book is to Clara Louise Leslie, “whose researches in the storehouse of Emile Berliner’s papers, books and memories paved the way to the construction of this narrative,” and Mrs. Leslie’s article on the Birth of the Gramophone sums up the impressions that her researches have made on her. Mr. Wile has used his material with the vivid grasp of a skilled American craftsman, and no one who is interested in the historical and technical evolution of the talking machine as we know it to-day will be satisfied till he has read the book.

Presumably it will be published before long in this country. As Mrs. Leslie has made clear, the invention of the lateral cut disc and of the microphone is only one phase of Berliner’s activities; but the story how it all came about, the struggles, the exciting moments, the shrewdness, the lawsuits, the triumphs, makes even for the non-technical reader so enthralling a romance that Mr. Hoover, who contributes a preface, is fully justified in calling it “one of those wonder stories of perennial fascination.”

C. R. S

CREDE EXPERTO

By OUR EXPERT COMMITTEE

ON BUYING A GRAMOPHONE.

WE have been asked to make a few notes on the points which should be considered in buying a gramophone. It is important to notice in this connection that electrical records make different and more exacting demands on reproducers than the old records, and that very few of the older gramophones can do anything like justice to the new records. Yet when they are efficiently reproduced the new records are so amazingly superior to anything that has been possible in the past that every gramophile will have to consider sooner or later whether he can be content any longer with his existing machine. We find that, generally speaking, the electric records require different sound-boxes and a different amplification system from those which were usual a year or two ago. With the old external horn machines the conversion may be made at comparatively small cost, but with existing internal horn models the problem is much more difficult.

The buyer must decide first of all what type of gramophone he wants and what sort of price he is prepared to pay. He must realise from the start that he cannot both eat his cake and have it. If he is prepared to put up with the æsthetic disadvantages of an external horn gramophone he can have a most efficient instrument at a very low price. But if for domestic or other reasons he decides to have what for convenience, though by no means disrespectfully, we may term a "furniture model," then he must expect to pay more to obtain a really efficient reproducer. We are glad to note, by the way, that this season quite a number of manufacturers are producing "furniture models" with a high degree of efficiency at remarkably low prices. Much more attention is being paid just now to the acoustic properties than ever before in the history of the gramophone. Again, if the buyer wishes to have a portable gramophone, then he must quite definitely resign himself to a less efficient reproducer particularly of heavy orchestral music. In the very nature of things no small gramophone can give the same body and range and breadth of tone as one with a large amplification system. It is, to us, a matter of wonder that a portable can be made so efficient as many of the modern ones are.

Having made up his mind on this point the buyer may proceed to hear a few actual machines. The first thing he should test is the general all-round efficiency of the instrument. He should in particular satisfy himself that it has a good, resonant quality of

tone and does not merely make a thin, wheezy sound. At the same time he should decide whether the reproduction is a reasonably accurate portrayal of the original instruments or voices, and he should estimate, by comparison with other gramophones, whether the tone is crisp, clean, and detailed. (He can do this best of all, of course, by comparison with the actual performance, but there are few people for whom this is practicable.) If possible, he should try a record of a singer whose voice he knows very well and judge whether the reproduction is faithful to the original. This is a most valuable test. Some, at any rate, of these tests should be made with the lid of the machine open and the buyer should listen carefully to the mechanical noises made by the needle in the groove. If the needle buzzes, rattles, or chatters it is a sure sign that the machine is not reproducing properly and that the records will be quickly worn. Another test to the same effect is to see whether a fibre point will stand up on a heavy, jerky passage. If it doesn't there is something wrong.

Good electric records to use for this test are:—

- (a) *Siegfried's Funeral March* (second side, beginning). H.M.V., D.1092. A very severe test. Many gramophones jib at this completely.
- (b) *Death and the Maiden Quartet* (end of part 4). Col. L.1752. See whether the first violin becomes edgy and shrill in the loud passages.
- (c) *Rhinegold Prelude*. H.M.V., D.1088. A fine test of definition in the bass.
- (d) *Scherzo* (Chopin). H.M.V., D.1065. Any trace of metallicism in the reproducer soon shows itself.
- (e) *King Cotton March*. H.M.V., B.2327. A colossal band record.
- (f) *Simon the Cellarer*. H.M.V., B.2324. Peter Dawson's voice is well known, and this is a very fine recording of it.

On the technical side the buyer should look to the following points:—

- (1) That the motor is running silently and smoothly and will last out a full twelve-inch record without wavering. Records (a) and (d) are useful for this.
- (2) That the tone-arm works freely.
- (3) That the diaphragm is intact. Look on the inside as well as the outside.
- (4) That the error in alignment is not excessive.

* * * *

THE PANATROPE.

So far as we are aware, the Panatrope is the first *complete* instrument for electrical reproduction of gramophone records that has yet been placed on the market. It operates from an electrically-driven turntable on which the record is placed in the usual way. There is an ordinary tone-arm but instead of a sound-box there is what is known as a "pick-up," which is a small metal box of horse-shoe shape, from which the socket to hold the gramophone needle projects. From this point the resemblance to the ordinary gramophone ceases. The mechanical vibrations imparted to the needle by the record are converted, by means of an armature working in a magnetic field, into minute electrical currents of corresponding frequency. These currents are fed to a low-frequency amplifier, using several radio-valves, and the resulting amplified current operates a Rice-Kellog loud-speaker of standard pattern. This loud-speaker consists of a single cone of comparatively small diameter, coil driven. We understand that the amplifier is of the resistance-capacity type, which, of course, would ensure freedom from distortion in the amplification system (though not necessarily in the transmission system or in the loud-speaker itself). The cone is placed near an aperture in a large wood front panel which acts as a baffle, thus eliminating to a large extent phase interference between the two faces of the cone. The whole apparatus is enclosed in a cabinet of the console model type, very pleasing in design and exceptionally well finished. The instrument may be operated either by plug from the ordinary lighting circuit or from batteries. There is a five-stage volume control regulating the loudness of the reproduction.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Keith Prowse we have been able to give the Panatrope an extensive test both with a variety of gramophone records and as an amplifying unit for the reception of broadcasting. The first record we heard was a recent Columbia organ record. The result, with the Panatrope at full volume, was positively staggering; the pedal notes boomed forth with a physically vibrant effect which one feels with the actual organ, but very rarely with the ordinary gramophone. This tremendous resonance in the bass was, indeed, a feature of the reproduction with the Panatrope; it was an entirely new sensation to us so far as the reproduction of gramophone records is concerned. For heavy records, e.g., of the orchestra or band, it makes comparison between the Panatrope and the ordinary gramophone quite futile. In this respect, at least, sound-reproduction has approached nearer to actuality than ever before. This effect of realism is preserved in piano records, choral records, jazz and other records of a concerted character. The reproduction of the piano, especially, is enormously improved. With the

Panatrope one gets the same massiveness of tone which the grand piano gives and which has been so conspicuously absent in gramophone reproductions. The player-piano has a serious rival at last.

When we come to solo instruments and voices, comparison with ordinary gramophone reproduction becomes possible. Such records are recorded with a volume which more nearly approaches that of the actual performance. The full power of the Panatrope gives a reproduction in greater volume than that of the actual performance and this, of necessity, gives the effect of distortion; one gets a sort of Gargantuan caricature. The third degree of amplification is quite adequate with these records, but at that power the balance of the Panatrope does not seem to be preserved. The bass predominates and the timbre, in both instrumental and vocal records, is coarsened. This was most noticeable in a soprano record and in the violin parts in chamber music. With these we can, and do, obtain a more realistic reproduction by ordinary gramophonic means. It seems that the Panatrope, as at present constructed, attains its optimum efficiency when used at the higher powers of amplification. At the lower powers there is a falling off of response in the upper register and a consequent instability of quality.

This, of course, militates against its general use in ordinary dwelling-rooms where reproduction in natural volume would hardly be desirable. Moreover, the price of the instrument at present (£120) is such that the number of gramophiles who could afford to possess one must be strictly limited. But for large halls, reception rooms, etc., the Panatrope is such a wonderful instrument that we cannot help but think that in the near future it will be extensively used both in restaurants and dance halls and for special choral, organ and other effects in theatres and cinemas. Those private persons who are so fortunately situated as to have a room, or rooms, in which the reproduction of an orchestra at anything like natural volume would not be unduly disturbing, likewise have in the Panatrope a means of achieving results never before possible.

We should add that when used in conjunction with a small, portable detector and frame aerial, the Panatrope gave a much better reception of broadcasting than we had ever heard before. We have never been amongst those who have derided "wireless," and we are less inclined to do so now than ever.

Yes, the Panatrope is a very marvellous instrument. If we were asked to sum up its qualities in a phrase, we should say that it is to gramophone reproduction what electrical recording is to the making of a record. Which means that wonderful as it is in fact, it is even greater in its possibilities.

THE TABLETS OF SKRATCHI-DHISK, THE SCRIBE

(These fragments have been much mutilated, and only parts of the inscriptions are decipherable.
They are now published for the first time.)



THE TABLETS OF SKRATCHI-DHISK, THE SCRIBE

(continued)



THE HUMOUR of the GRAMOPHONE

THE September Competition for the "best and wittiest anecdote, fantasy, storicle—what you will—in not more than 150 words concerning gramophone matters," has proved an arid affair. It is hardly credible or creditable that our readers cannot produce something better and wittier than the following, which are the pick of the entries. The first prize—a guinea's worth of records—is awarded to A. L. RALPHS, Skerryvore, Chapel Road, Abergavenny, and consolation prizes, copies of "Music and the Gramophone," have been sent to the four competitors whose anecdotes are printed below. * * *

(1) OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

Luck in a raffle had made the people over the way the too-exultant possessors of a gramophone and records.

Three-year-old Sheila, walking down the garden, heard unfamiliar stridencies, nasalities, and tinniness.

"What is that noise, mamma?" she asked.

"That is a gramophone, dear."

Sheila looked sceptical. "But it is not like Daddy's gramophone, is it?" she said.

"No, but it is a gramophone all the same."

"And do some people like it?" was the child's sufficient response. A. L. RALPHS.

* * *

(2) LITTLE CHRISTOPHER'S GRAMOPHONE.

It was the afternoon of Christmas day, and little Christopher was showing his Auntie Ethel all the good things that Santa Claus had dumped upon him in that wholesale manner the modern child has learnt to expect. The chief item was a small gramophone of the type that requires the handle to be turned to make the record play. Unaware of this little peculiarity Auntie Ethel waited patiently while, as she imagined, the motor was being wound up. As the squeaks and groans came to an end she observed: "I think the works would do with a drop of oil on them, but never mind start it off and let me hear the record." Christopher looked very blank, and his face fell as he tearfully observed: "But, Auntie Ethel, I've just played the record right through." "SCRUTATOR."

* * *

(3) AN INFANT PRODIGY.

Mrs. Jones Robinson was entertaining her guests to afternoon tea. She prided herself on being somewhat of a highbrow in musical affairs, and insisted on inflicting the pianistic atrocities of her daughter Ermytrude upon her guests.

After a terrific performance of *The Robin's Return* followed by *Fairyland Waltz* and *Underneath the*

gaslight's glitter, with deplorable effects upon the assembled multitude, her visitors were treated to a fearful and wonderful diatribe on the value of the gramophone as a factor in her daughter's musical education, training, and appreciation, concluding: "Ermytrude's musical knowledge is simply amazing; you can mention any tune you like and she will tell you at once what is on the other side of the record." "SCRUTATOR."

* * *

(4)

GRAMOPHONIST (ordering records over the telephone): "Hello, I want Beethoven, Op. 39."

OPERATOR (at exchange): "Sorry, number engaged!" T. O'HALLORAN.

* * *

(5) HOW WE CONVERTED PA.

(A true story.)

He was one of the Old Brigade, and his Pa (*our* Grandpa) a cathedral organist whose touch had been praised by Mendelssohn himself; therefore, fifteen years ago, the gramophone was anathema to him.

Now we four kiddies lived right out in the country and simply worshipped a Pathéphone which Jimmy—a school pal—wanted to swop for my old bike.

How we did enjoy those old sapphire-cut records, especially out of doors where the scratch was not so audible.

That Christmas we had a brain-wave, and bought Jimmy a new record of carols played by a crack military band.

Whilst Pa was sipping his breakfast coffee I got Jimmy to play his Pathé—and the carols—in the porch.

Pa looked up and handed my little sister twopence "for the village band, as, for once, they are playing in tune!" E. S. GUNTON.

* * *

(5) THE GREAT ILLUSION.

One fine warm evening last summer I had my Cliftophone at work in a room at the front of the house, with the window wide open. John MacCormack was singing Schubert's *Serenade (Softly thro' the Night)*, when I observed a couple of young men stop at the garden gate and listen intently to the song. As soon as the record was finished they held an animated consultation, eventually opened the gate, and came up the long garden path together. I answered their knock, and after apologising for intruding, the spokesman anxiously asked me if I would mind telling him the make of *loud speaker* I was using, as they were keen wireless enthusiasts and had never heard anything to approach the one they had just been listening to. They departed sadder

but wiser men on being told exactly what they had heard, expressing the opinion that it had sounded "too natural" for them to think it could be a gramophone.

* * *

(6) THE BITER BIT.

I had an amusing experience at an auction sale a few years ago. In the catalogue were included some really good records (many "celebrity") in albums. I had taken the precaution to examine them closely prior to the sale, and was prepared to bid a fair price for them. The first of these lots consisted of

twelve 12in. records in album, the auctioneer pointing out that bids were to be *per record*. A general dealer, of the kind which frequent auction sales, had run me up to 3s. 6d. by 6d. bids, when, evidently thinking to frighten me off altogether, he suddenly jumped to 5s. 6d. This move certainly had the desired effect, but his look of triumph very quickly changed to dismay when he was called on to pay 66s. for the lot. *He had thought he was getting the album full for 5s. 6d.* Needless to say, he let me have the remaining four lots at my own price.

P. L. HOWCROFT.



REVIEWS OF RECORDS

The ordinary classified reviews have been ruled out of the Christmas Number, and I can do no more than stand up in the front of the charabanc and shout a few remarks above the roar as we buzz through the bulletins.

ACO.—The November bulletin was reviewed in the last number. When the December records are issued look out especially for **Maurice Cole** in an electrical recorded piano solo of two of the Chopin *Etudes* ("Black Notes" and "Butterfly") on G.16088, a wonderful comfort for those who cannot afford Cortot. Also **Peggy Cochrane** in the lovely *Berceuse* of Cui and *Paderewski's Menuet* on G.16089. These are notable value for money at 2s. 6d. each.

ACTUELLE.—November records. An excellent violin record by **Maurice Toubas** of good music at 2s. 6d.; the *Berceuse* of Fauré (Op. 16), and the lovely *Chanson Louis XIII.* and *Pavane*, which Kreisler and Casals have made famous (11166). The usual *Menuet* of Beethoven and Brahms's *Wiegenlied* are charmingly played by the **Imperial Trio** (11167, 2s. 6d.). **Eric Sims** (11172 and 11173, 2s. 6d. each) has a pleasant baritone voice. **Vera Guilaroff** in *A Cup of Coffee* and *Who* (11167, 2s. 6d.) is an uncommonly clean and capable pianist for this type of music. Other records of "Sunny" favourites are well recorded, but perhaps the pick of the light records is **Lee Morse** and her **Blue Grass Boys**, an exclusive Pathé artist (11176, 2s. 6d.) in *Hoodle Dee Doo Dee Doodoo* and *Could I—I certainly could*. Can she? She certainly can. A red hot record this.

BELTONA.—November bulletin. The outstanding record is that of **Howard Fry** (baritone) in the *Credo* from "Otello" and the *Star of Eve* from "Tannhäuser" (7008, 4s. 6d.). "C. M. C." was not a bit too enthusiastic about him in the October number, and I believe that Mr. Klein will agree. He sings in English, with orchestral accompaniment, and is electrically recorded. This is worth all the rest of the bulletin put together; but the Beltona Scots records are always well done, and the Christmas records, a big list, are sure to be worth trying.

BRUNSWICK.—November bulletin. It is some time since we had any chamber music from Brunswick; but the **New York String Quartet** reappear with potted versions of the first and third movements of Debussy's *Quartet in G minor* (20043, 5s. 6d.), recorded by the new method. The result is very good, especially in the lower parts, which are strikingly clear. Since the playing is very fine this record can be strongly recommended for those who cannot afford complete versions of the famous Quartet.

Of the rest, **Nick Lucas** has now made his debut at the Café de Paris in London and has been heard on the wireless. His records remain the best way of enjoying him; *How many times?* and *Sleepy Head* (3229, 3s.) are typical of his style, and fine recordings too. I like, too, the less delicate humour of **Macy and Smalle**, the Radio Aces, in *Whadda you say, we get together* and *Where'd you get those eyes?* (3264, 3s.). This is, in the ultra-American style, a first-class performance. **Fradkin** plays *Pale Moon* and *Just a Cottage Small* (3142, 3s.) without a trace of shame; but he has good precedents for using his violin in this way, and if his conscience

allows and his public demands, who am I to protest? Somehow **The Merry-makers**, in their Spanish and Hawaiian record (20049, 5s. 6d.), are almost *too* loud and efficient, but it's a good record—at any rate worth hearing.

COLUMBIA.—In the mid-November list there is **George Robey** (4124) in *Such a Look* and *The Bride*, rather funny, but not at his best. **Elsa Lanchester**, in two of her songs from "Riverside Nights" (4125)—a happy souvenir. **Ruth Etting**, a new name to me, in four songs of the day excellently accompanied on the piano (4126 and 4127); I prefer the latter, *Lonesome and Sorry* and *But I do*. **Jack Blake**, a good baritone, in *Moonlight and Roses* and *What can I say?* (4128) and a less attractive 4127; and **Lou Alter** making a jolly piano record of *Who* and *Sunny* (4129). All these are 3s. each.

The December records I have not heard, but a movement from Mahler's *Fifth Symphony* breaks new ground in British catalogues (L.1798) and the Saint-Saëns *Cello Concerto*, played by **W. H. Squire** and the Hallé Orchestra on L.1800, 1801, 1802, will surely be popular. But these are only a few of the twenty-eight records in the list; and besides them there is a special Christmas list which I have heard, containing some wonderful orchestral, organ, quartet and choral records (12in., 4s. 6d. each; 10in., 3s. each), all first-class (of their class); three more ingenious *Inkwell Fairy* records (3s. each); and best of all a splendid set of fourteen songs from *When We Were Very Young*, sung by **Dale Smith** on four 10in. records (4604-4107, 12s.), an ideal Christmas present.

Remember, too, that if you want the original artists in "Sunny" records, they are in the Columbia list.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.—Two November records were missed last month: **Rachel Morton** (soprano) in a fine rendering of *Love and Music* from "Tosca" and the *Habañera* from "Carmen" on E.440 (4s. 6d.), which should not be missed; and **Reginald Foort** on the New Gallery Cinema organ (C.1285, 4s. 6d.), who should only be missed if you do not want to wander *In a Monastery Garden* and *In a Persian Market*.

In the mid-month list are the **Cortot** records of the twenty-four *Preludes*, reviewed below; yet another version of Debussy's *L'Après-midi d'un faune*, this time by the R.A.H.O. under Ronald (D.1128, 6s. 6d.), slightly louder and less mysterious than the Columbia version of last month. *Jupiter* from *The Planets* (Holst), **Symphony Orchestra** under Goossens (D.1129, 6s. 6d.). The *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* from Bach's *B minor Mass* by the **Royal Choral Society** (D.1127, 6s. 6d.), a fine effort. Shattering and exhilarating records by **Mark Hambourg** (Chopin's *Ballade in G minor*) on C.1290 (4s. 6d.) and by **Sousa's Band** in two of his own marches (B. 2370, 3s.). A charming record by **Browning Mumfery** (B.2355, 3s.). **Melville Gideon**, as suave as usual, in *Lindy Lou* and *Thank the Moon* (B.2358, 3s.). The **Salon Orchestra** in two lively Russian gypsy songs (B.2362, 3s.), which should be compared with the Brunswick record of last month. A couple of organ records, a **Frank Banta** piano record, and the inevitable Hawaiian record. Note also C.1293 (4s. 6d.), containing "Sunny" and "Tiptoes" vocal gems, and **Melville Gideon** and **Doris Bentley** (B.2378 and 2379) in songs from the same plays.

As for the December list of over fifty records—from **Mark Hambourg** in the Tchaikovsky *Concerto in B flat minor*, the **Choir of H.M. Chapels Royal** in two records of Christmas carols and the **Symphony Orchestra** in the *Tannhäuser Overture* and a new recording of the *Unfinished Symphony* by the **Covent Garden Orchestra**, down to **Jack Smith** in *Baby Face* and *I'm on my way home*—there is a succession of most alluring records for all tastes.

IMPERIAL.—At 2s. apiece the records for November are extremely good value for money. **Signor Luigi Cilla** sings *O Sole Mio* and *Mamma Mia che vo sape* well enough for anyone (1658); and if only Imperial would give us further titles and performances of equal calibre, we should have something to shout about. **Dick Henderson** is perhaps more appealing in the life or on the Phonofilm than judged solely by his records (1665), but **Peter Rush** (1663), **Irving Kaufman** (1660 and 1661) and **John Thorpe** (1664) are all rather above their usual form. **Tom Kinniburgh** comes back with a capital performance of *The Trumpeter* and *The Diver* (1659), and the **Radio Imps** and **Hare and Jones** make a rattling good record of *Me Too* and *Any Ice To-day, Lady?* (1657).

Irish readers should secure the Irish Supplement.

PARLOPHONE.—Some people might be disappointed by the two records of **Josephine Baker** (R. 3232, 3233, 3s. each) because they have no clue to the queer voice. But I am grateful to Parlophone for their enterprise, very grateful, for I have seen Josephine descending in a large basket of roses from the ceiling of the Folies Bergères and emerging, a shining bronze figure with jewel eyes and teeth, turning everyone else into pink fondants; and though her voice is the least part of her, these records, especially *Feelin' kind of blue*, bring the scene back faithfully to my mind's eye.

Of the promising December list of Parlophones I cannot speak. I have not heard any of them, and must leave them to the Editor in the January number.

REGAL.—The November list is up to standard, which means pretty good. The recording is, of course, first-rate throughout though nearly all the records are too loud for my taste (admittedly not robust). My selection would be the **Two Gilberts** in *That Certain Party* and *Thanks for the Buggy Ride* (G.8678); **Will Fyfe** (G.8681); the **White House Orchestra** in John Ansell's *Three Irish Pictures* and (will you believe it?) the *Londonderry Air* (G.8673-4); an organ record of Bach's *Fugue in D minor* ("The Giant") and Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* (G.8694); and, in a certain mood, a remarkable mouth organ record by P.C. Heywood (G.8676). All of them 2s. 6d. each.

VOCALION.—I am enormously impressed by the Vocalion electrical recording. Considering that it is late in the field, its achievement is striking. For instance, try the *Regimental Marches* record of the **Band of H.M. Life Guards** (K.05273, 4s. 6d.). I believe that "W. A. C." will give it a high mark. The **Modern Chamber Orchestra** under Stanley Chapple gives what is to me the plum of the whole pile—*Pantomime and Danse Rituelle du Feu* from de Falla's "El Amor Brujo" (K.05272, 4s. 6d.). If you like modern Spanish music, you will find this most refreshing—something really new to the gramophone and perfectly recorded. Then there is **York Bowen** in the *Allegro* from Schumann's *Carnival in Vienna* (K.05269, 4s. 6d.), a good example of Vocalion piano recording; and a fine record of choral singing—with a very sweet boy's treble—in *Lest We Forget* and Parry's *Jerusalem* (K.05265, 4s. 6d.), recorded in the Aeolian Hall.

There are many other good records in this list, but I only mention these five in order to give them three stars.

ZONOPHONE.—Another of the **Associated Glee Clubs of America** records is in the November list, *Autumn Sea and Sylvia* (A.304, 4s.); another 12in. grand organ record by **Spencer Shaw** (A.305, 4s.); the **Brox Sisters** in a racy version of *Iyone my own Iyone* and *How many times* (2801, 2s. 6d.), and half a dozen song-records as well. But it is in Christmas records that Zonos generally excel, and I am sorry that I have not seen what novelties we shall get this year. Surface and recording are always good. F sharp.



PAUL HINDEMITH

POLYDOR.

66198, 66199, 66200 (three 12in. records, 17s. 3d.).—**Amar Quartet**: String Quartet, Op. 22 (Hindemith). Schott min. score (4s.).

66376, 66377 (two 12in. records, 11s. 6d.).—**Gewandhaus Quintet**. Leipzig: Quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, Op. 24 (Hindemith). Schott min. score (3s.).

Paul Hindemith plays the viola in the Amar Quartet. He is also, according to the "Dictionary of Modern Music," one of the most earnest of young Germany's musicians. From the first of these statements you would deduce, quite correctly, that he should have a thorough understanding of the possibilities of the string quartet; from the second you might possibly infer that you would not like his music—and there you would be quite wrong, for these two works are among the most likeable pieces of modern chamber music I have heard for some time. Hindemith gets over his earnestness in the first movement of the quartet (a rather gritty morsel this, I admit), and in the other movements of that work and throughout the quintet proceeds to enjoy himself, sometimes hilariously. There is no need to analyse either of these compositions; the movements are so short and their construction so simple that no one will have any difficulty in following them. Their merits consist in the freshness of the tunes (yes, tunes!), the vitality of the part-writing, the originality of the instrumental lay-out, and above all in the vigour and variety of the rhythms. Queer harmonies indeed there are, but they arise so naturally out of the interweaving of the various melodic parts, that one is hardly conscious of them. Perhaps the most original movement of all is the fourth of the quartet, which in its outrageous, but fascinating, exuberance rather reminds me of the hubbub made by the musicians at an oriental festival. But on the whole I recommend readers to get the wind quintet first. Hindemith appears as much at home among the wood-wind as he is with the strings, and these instruments seem to record peculiarly well (though the quartet too is a fine piece of electric reproduction). To be sure the oboe plays a trick or two on the experts (it always does!) and perhaps the horn might have been allowed a rather larger say in the matter. But, taking one thing with another, I can imagine no more delightful approach to the more "earnest" works of "young Germany's musicians" than this concert of fauns overheard by accident.

I notice that Hindemith and the other members of the Amar Quartet are to play the Op. 22 and some other unfamiliar German compositions at the Grottrian Hall on the evening of Tuesday, December 7th. I shall certainly be there if I can. These two sets of records have given a decided fillip to my hitherto languid interest in this group of writers.



THE TWENTY-FOUR CHOPIN PRELUDES

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

D.B.957-960 (four 12in. records, in album, 34s.).—Cortot: Twenty-four Preludes, Op. 28 (Chopin).

Thirty-four shillings is a stiff price for four records, but in this case the music is worth the money. The issue of the whole of Chopin's twenty-four Preludes without any cut whatever and with Cortot as the executant, is indeed the most notable event of the year in the sphere of piano records, and I very much regret that the exigencies of a Christmas Number prevent my "spreading myself" on the subject as I should like. As it is I must be content with saying that no one who is interested in the progress of piano recording or in Chopin's music, can possibly afford to be without these discs. As in many other recent issues, the reproduction has been planned on a concert hall scale and readers who possess one of the new H.M.V. machines will do well to use a soft needle if they want to get the best out of the performance, unless, that is, they possess a room of exceptional size. Naturally, in an undertaking of these dimensions there are minor blemishes and the last Prelude of all illustrates two of the limitations of all piano reproduction (so far as I know), the impossibility of obtaining a really good singing tone when the music is loud, and the difficulty of dealing (even on the newest instruments) with the notes at the very bottom of the piano's compass. But the work is so good as a whole that it seems ungenerous to mention defects, even when these are shared by all the piano records that one knows. If anyone desires to learn what can be achieved in this department let him listen to the lovely *sostenuto* melody of No. 15 (the so-called "rain-drops" Prelude), the airy grace of No. 19, or—but there is no necessity to give a list. Let it suffice that in my opinion these records take their place beside Irene Scharrer's Chopin *Impromptu* (H.M.V.) and Howard Jones' *Moonlight Sonata* (Columbia) among the highest achievements in piano reproduction that the gramophone has hitherto given us. And what playing! What music!

P. L.

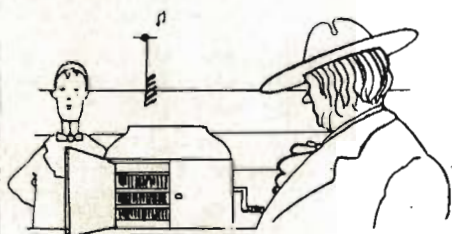
COUNTER IRRITANTS.



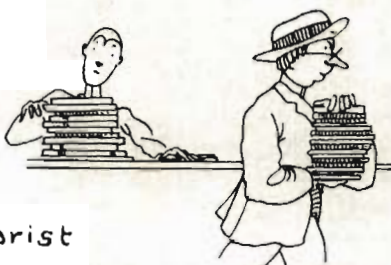
What troubles the man
behind the counter is not



the "Fox Trot" Fiend ...



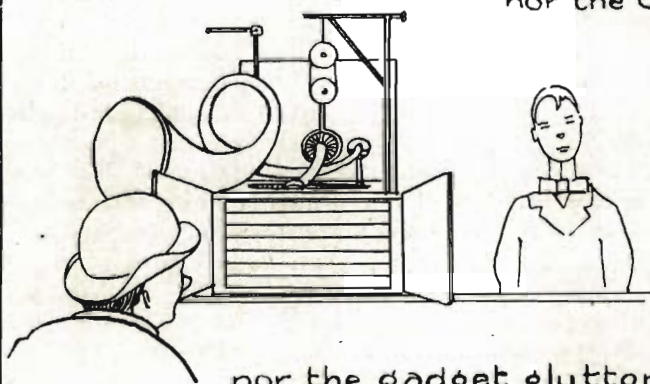
nor the 'Pure tone' Particularist



nor the Catalogue collector



nor the needle Nuisance



nor the gadget glutton - but - the man who wants
a record -



- doesn't know what it is -



- has forgotten
who sings it -



but knows that it goes
'some thing like this' -

HC

COAL-STRIKE CHRISTMAS

"Pour les pauvres Anglais"

By H. T. BARNETT

AS I sit by the gas fire (reduced pressure) there is continually ringing in my ears the favourite offertory cry of the Madeleine Church in Paris during the tourist season; it is my inspiration in going to work to find a group of really good records at low prices suitable for a gathering at this time of year, when one must put *young people first* without altogether neglecting the educated taste that comes with riper years.

Call your friends together for music with the merry clang of *Bow Bells* (2s. 6d.) HOMO. For this purpose I usually play the peal on one side for half a minute and then turn over to the other peal until they flock in. The PIANOFORTE always opens a concert well; a record having big and essentially beautiful tone is *Polonaise, Op. 53* (Chopin), 4s., HOMO.; Leo Sirota plays it on one of his very best days. Eight minutes' amusement may then be got from *A Miniature Concert*, 4s., ZONO. We must support ACTUELLE records in issuing 12in. discs at 3s. 6d., so now put in *Alleluia*, a joyful song of thanks and praise by a contralto with a pure and clear voice, which, under the Pathé system of recording, sounds more like Madame Patey's come back again than does any recorded voice I have yet heard. Now, please, a FAIRY TALE with wonderful "effects," *Jack and the Beanstalk*, 2s. 6d., WINNER (not the interrupted one). The youngsters may be willing to give a sweet singer the necessary silence by this time and a brilliant devotional song by May Huxley, SOPRANO, will not be out of place, *I will extol Thee, O Lord*, 4s. 6d., BELTONA. If the party is on Christmas Eve CAROLS will be demanded, *The First Nowell*, sung by a male voice quartet, 2s. 6d., BELTONA. You *must* have one of the exceedingly amusing INTERRUPTED FAIRY TALES on the WINNER list, *Aladdin's Lamp*, 2s. 6d. No concert would be complete without Marek Weber as an ORCHESTRAL contributor, he is at his very best in *Forget your sorrows*, 4s. 6d., PARLO. An UNCOMMON RECORD everyone will like is *Silent night*, played on a CELESTE PIPE ORGAN, the voicing of the stops is so exceedingly sweet, 2s., IMPERIAL. A classical BASS song, full of the most natural laughter, is Enrico Garcia's *Song of the Flea*, 2s., IMPERIAL. A few seasonable anecdotes, 2s. 6d., will meet with a certain welcome, BELTONA. To change over to the dancing the quiet part of the evening may well conclude with one of the exquisite HOMO. military band electrical recordings, *Hiawatha Ballet Suite* (Coleridge Taylor), 4s.

Now for exercise. No one can beat Ronnie Munro's jazz records on the PARLO. list, 2s. 6d. each. I like *Buy Bananas*, *Petrushka*, *On the Riviera*, *My Carmenita*, *D'you love me*. For a change of tone and also in order to get in as many popular tunes as possible, put in the two half-crown BELTONAS, *Kaleidoscope Dance Medley*. Two beautiful waltzes on a 12in. disc and played by a non-jazz band, *The Skaters*, 4s., BELTONA. A PIANOFORTE dance record, *Charlestone*, 2s. 6d., HOMO.

The festivities may well be brought to a close with Harry Brindle's rendering of *Auld Lang Syne*, BELTONA, 4s. 6d.

DUOPHONE FLEXIBLE RECORDS.

I have just received one of the first of these issued to the press. The price of the 10in. discs is 1s. 6d. only. I may say at once the manufactured article is *already* far better than I dared to hope for, and I have not the least doubt it will soon become even better still; the core is not *too* flexible and the record keeps flat and looks and plays very much like an ordinary record. The surface is not friable, in fact it reminds me of thin, hard patent leather. There is rather more surface noise than with ordinary material when the record is new; how it behaves when worn I hope to be able to tell you next month. Those who wish to experiment for themselves might very well order from their dealer Colonel Mackenzie Rogan's MILITARY BAND record *Offenbach Selection* and the two dance numbers *Perfume of the Past*, WALTZ, and *Sunny*, FOX-TROT.

H. T. B.

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"SYMPHONIC SYNCOPATION"

QUITE a number of people are by now involved in the controversy which was started as a silly season topic in the press, and Mr. Jack Hylton's article in the September number of THE GRAMOPHONE has brought some new athletes into the arena. For instance, Mr. Stanley Snaith writes from Kingston-on-Thames:

"For Heaven's sake let us be honest about jazz. It is all very well for Mr. Jack Hylton to juggle with terms like 'symphonic syncopation,' but these sonorities all the more sharply expose the tawdriness they attempt to conceal. Come, we will have done with equivocation. Here, for better or worse, is one man's fat in the fire; jazz is empty, imitative, mercenary, and mechanically made; fit only for the minute musical mentality of those poor devils, the masses. The person who can enjoy no 'music' but jazz is usually modest enough not to boast of a crude taste and a starved soul. Unfortunately, such pronouncements as Mr. Hylton's, reinforced by the propitiatory caution of certain critics and musicians, encourage him to vaunt and glory in his æsthetic barbarism."

On the other hand, "Merchant Seaman" writes from Durham:

"I cannot claim to be a very ardent 'gramophile,' since my library consists of only about 130 records, about 95 of which are dance tunes, and the remainder a jumble of favourites from the operas and a fair number of piano records. At the risk of being boring, I will explain why dance music (I detest jazz) entrances me. First, its unfailing rhythm and suavity of expression which I find a welcome change after the outer elements (I am a steamship sailor). Secondly, the wonderful ingenuity which is displayed by the good bands in varying the simplest airs. Thirdly, the almost unbelievable virtuosity which the players display. Fourthly, because I own to a great affection for the much maligned saxophone. Lastly, because of the large number of 'straight' musicians who attack syncopation from the die-hard attitude, and will allow nothing in its favour."

"Our great painters do not attack men like Tom Webster and Studdy, accusing them of ruining art, and surely their relationship is similar to that of dance music and the classics."

"Some little while ago I listened to the wireless debate between Sir Landon Ronald and Jack Hylton. The utter futility of opposing Schumann to *Castles in Spain* amused me, but proved nothing save that both Sir Landon and Hylton were masters of their own style. I can, however, say with honesty that I considered *Always* to be a much better tune than the vaunted *Blue Danube Waltz*, both to listen to and to dance to."

"Might I ask what are the technical objections to some of the following dance tunes: *By the Lake* and *All alone with you in a Rendez-Vous*, played by the Savoy Orpheans; *Always* and *Poem* by the Savoy Havana; *Rose of Samarkand*, *Paradise*, and *Land of Dreams come true* by Jack Hylton and his band; *Do you believe in dreams* by Hylton's Kit-Cat Band; *Lo Nah*, *Wonderful One*, *By the Sapphire Sea*, and *Manhattan* by Paul Whiteman; as a couple of examples of 'straight' syncopation, Eric Coates' *Selfish Giant* and Herbert's *Suite of Serenades*, played by Hylton and Whiteman respectively; as examples of pleasing virtuosity, *Valse Vanité*, played by Rudy Wiedoeft,

and the piano duets of *Nola* and *Kitten on the Keys*, played by Whiteman's pianists?

"Then dare to tell me that 'there is no virtue in this' if you will. I shall remain an ardent admirer of Mr. Hylton, who has entertained me so many hours in person and on his records, and still lose none of my love for Schumann, Schubert, and Delibes."

But let us give the floor to two musical critics who have already had a bout in THE GRAMOPHONE. Mr. Basil Maine and "K. K."

THE CHALLENGE OF "K. K."

BY BASIL MAINE.

In the June number of THE GRAMOPHONE a letter appeared, signed by the reviewer, "K. K.," in which I was challenged because I happened to hold the opinion that there were signs that jazz-music was developing. Now, I have an inherent prejudice against all forms of duelling, and above all, verbal duelling. I am all for *laissez-faire* in matters of criticism. Of course, I disagree from time to time with the verdicts of various critics, and I am careful—if the matter is sufficiently important—to voice my disagreement, "giving reasons." But I never permit myself to go so far as to issue a challenge. "I'd as lief be a Brownist as a politician."

Here the case is different however. I am not the aggressor, but the defendant; and, as I am an honourable man, I must come forth and fight with what few weapons I have.

"K. K." begins unfairly by drawing up a list of rules to suit his own convenience. He asks me to tell him how jazz can develop (1) as to orchestration, (2) as to harmony, (3) as to rhythm, (4) as to the material used. This is like saying, "I will play you at cricket, but you must bat left-handed and with an umbrella." If "K. K." will refer to my original letter, he will discover that my assertion was simply this: "This essay of Eric Coates (*The Selfish Giant*) plainly points the way to the development of jazz, not in the way of symphonic construction, but simply as jazz." Surely, there is no obstruction in this. From experience we have the right to assume that everything in this world, which has been touched by some vitalising force, holds within itself the possibility of development. It is useless for "K. K." to say that if jazz develops, "it will have become an altogether different thing, not recognisable as jazz at all." This is mere word-play. By this method it is possible to argue that Wagner never wrote an opera "recognisable as such," because he gave no heed to the canons of operatic form as exemplified in (say) Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. And the same false reasoning can be applied to sonata-form and symphonic development. The later stages in the evolution of any art-form are of necessity a transformation, and sometimes a contradiction, of the earlier ones. All creation suffers a change "into something rich and strange."

"K. K."—I confess I am terribly intrigued as to his identity—is obviously determined to win this duel. Having made his own conditions, he next binds my hands with the cords of prophecy. "Will you kindly tell us," he says in effect, "what will be the future form of jazz music?" If you had questioned a musical theorist of the early seventeenth century as to the future of music, could he have foretold the coming of Bach, and the culminating influence he would exercise? Did the Count of Vernio and his friends realise what a revolution in musical form they were initiating by their homophonic theories? Why does "K. K." come to me to tell him of the future of jazz? Can he tell me of the future of chamber-music or of oratorio? Even Mr. W. J. Turner has lamentably failed in the undertaking of the rôle of prophet. "Lips do not move, no man must know."

But I continue to assert that jazz-music will develop, and for this reason, that it contains the elements of progression. And I venture to proclaim that it will be chiefly along the lines of rhythmic subtlety that the progress will be made. "K. K." denies that there is any rhythmic subtlety in jazz. I can only conclude that he has been unfortunate in his choice of jazz-music and jazz bands.

There is a terrible amount of rubbish put over in the name of jazz. Even the most famous bands are not exempt in this respect, and after supporting their weak-kneed tunes night after night for a season, their playing becomes, not so much rhythmical, as merely metrical. English people (and Americans, too, for that matter) are so prone to mistake time-keeping for rhythm. Oh! yes, Mr. "K. K." I agree with you there! But did you by any chance go to a performance of Mr. Cochran's revue *Dover Street to Dixie*? One scene of this was entirely given over to darkies. There was Will Vodery's band, there was Florence Mills, and there were the Dixie Dudes. The playing, singing and dancing of these people put the average recitalist to shame. It was not that the music was more exciting and hectic, but that these wonderfully naïve revue performers had a feeling for the phrase, the germ of all musical life. Each phrase of theirs had such abundance of vitality, that it overflowed into the next, and it in turn into the next again, until the whole thing had gathered such momentum that it seemed to be able to continue in its progression altogether apart from human agency. The rhythm of the phrase was reproduced and magnified in the larger rhythm of the phrases, and yet, seemingly without any technical contrivance.

Then again, have you heard Brooke John's band, another organisation in possession of the secret of rhythm? This is the quietest jazz band I know. Its effects are obtained by insinuation, and allusion, rarely by *sforzando*, or tonal perversion or repercussion.

And even if these shining examples are few they are enough to convince me that jazz in the hands of real musicians will develop as surely as the more austere forms of music have developed.

Finally, O my friend, the enemy! I must beg leave to point out an irrelevancy in your challenge. You write: "It is my belief that jazz cannot develop and maintain its public, chiefly because that public cannot appreciate either subtlety or complexity."

I hold that the development of any branch of musical creation, howsoever wide or limited its appeal, is ultimately brought about by the will of the creator, not by the desire of the public. The public is only too ready to follow the lead, and the best of jazz music has already had a beneficent effect in sharpening the rhythmic perception of that over-patronised but very important person, "the man in the street."

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have read Mr. Jack Hylton's article on "The British Touch" in the September number of THE GRAMOPHONE. I read it with feverish anticipation, for I was hoping to find my opinions confirmed by "one who knows." I confess, a little sadly, that I don't understand what Mr. Hylton is trying to tell us. I don't know what he means by "rhythm," by "the musical cravings of any normal person," and by "the British touch." I have searched for the significance of these terms in the context of Mr. Hylton's article, and even between the lines, but I have failed to discover anything beyond a vague assertion of the superiority of British jazz. With Delysia I sing "That means nothing to me."

DANCE MUSIC: A PLEA FOR A PERSPECTIVE.

By K. K.

Mr. Jack Hylton has happily begun to set down in writing, in various prints, his ideas about the music played by dance bands. I say "happily" partly because discussion becomes so much easier and clearer when one has the printed word

of the opponent; and because, in this matter, Mr. Hylton seems so handsomely to condemn himself, in several of his utterances.

Let us be clear, first, about two points: in deference to Mr. Hylton, I refrain from calling his dance music "jazz"; I recognise that it is considerably different from the old, very noisy sounds that were rightly called by that name; and in saying that I recognise the difference, I make my second preliminary point—that I have taken pains to hear most of the bands that are agreed by those who like dance music to be the best; so I cannot be classed with "many of the so-called highbrows" (thanks for the saving "so-called"!) who are discussing the latest dance music in terms of their memories of the older "jazz."

In my letter in the June issue (page 29) I mentioned a few of my reasons for thinking that dance music cannot develop. I understand that Mr. Basil Maine, whose comments brought forth that letter, is to reply to me in this issue. If there is anything more to be discussed when he has done so, we may perhaps have a final word next month, and so agree to differ, should difference remain. I will not again take up the point about the possibilities of development in dance music. What I want to do now is to controvert some of Mr. Hylton's fallacies (as they seem to me and to the generality of musical folk with whom I am acquainted), and to say a word about the debate organised by the B.B.C., between Mr. Hylton and Sir Landon Ronald.

Like nearly everything in this world into which one looks, the controversy is not so simple as it seems. It involves, obviously, questions of standards and taste, about which no more can be said here than that the one cardinal error into which so many fall is the imagining that these standards either do not exist, or are immensely variable, or are not reducible to any reasoned bases; but it goes a good deal deeper, and links up with a whole host of matters that have come into sharp prominence in these post-war years, but that have been steadily accumulating as problems and subjects for controversy ever since the bad old days of the industrial "forties" of last century. Nothing that has to do with the working of the social mind is single. You cannot ultimately, for instance, entirely separate dance music and manners from political machinery and manners. Certain types of thought and unthought, particular ways of looking at life, link up all modern problems.

Since the B.B.C. debate brought out some quite good points (it was a much more "meaty" affair than I had expected), perhaps I might crystallise some of the musical objections to Mr. Hylton's products by taking up one or two of the remarks made in the course of the evening. The title of the debate—"Which do you prefer, classical music or jazz?"—was, of course, ludicrous; but it was significant. You might as well ask "Which do you prefer, reading, or eating ices?" or ask a person if he "prefers" Harry Lauder to Abraham Lincoln. The title is significant because it really does represent, in a loose way, the attitude of some people. But the word "prefer" implies taking thought about things, balancing and choosing; and the majority of devotees of Mr. Hylton's music, of course, have taken no thought about this matter at all. They take to dance music because it is provided; and it is provided because they are willing to accept it. Which is cause and which effect I cannot stay now to discuss. The motives and influences interact subtly. (So it is with other modern "marketings." Advertising is a splendid example of this subtle interaction between demand and supply. That, by the way, is one of the reasons why it is becoming increasingly ridiculous to talk of the "laws" of economics. There never were any, for that matter!)

May I make my central plea for a clearing of the ground? Let us regard dance music purely and simply as an entertainment that happens to have sound as its medium. Instead of moving pictures, or some other stuff for the eye (which

is catered for in almost all other kinds of amusements), we have here fun for the ear. In the debate, Sir Landon Ronald brought us near to this central and, to me, all-important point when he said of one of the pieces that, though he thought it clever, so were the tricks one sees at the circus. There it is in a word; circus stuff and amusement, perfectly legitimate and highly popular; but it has really almost nothing to do with music, as that word is understood by all who have made themselves in the least acquainted with the world of music. One of the difficulties we feel most keenly when arguing with lovers of dance music is that they usually have so very little conception of our world. It is not unfair to say that theirs is easily surveyed. After hearing a dozen of the ablest bands, one knows everything they can and cannot do. Of course, if one doesn't happen to dance, some of the attraction of this music obviously vanishes; but then, plenty of people like to sit at home and hear it broadcast. I have an idea that there is a certain pull for dance music there, in its partially hypnotic effect, due to the reiteration of time-patterns (that Mr. Hylton will insist, quite wrongly, in glorifying as its "rhythmic" sway); if one sits with headphones on, there is undoubtedly, as I have proved by experiment, some influence that may roughly if unscientifically be called hypnotic. But, apart from the pleasure of dancing to this music (I use that word because I don't want to be pedantic, though I insist that it should not be considered as such, if we are to think logically and usefully about it), and apart from the combined soothing and stimulating influence of sitting back and listening to it, with the mind free (and often, I believe, empty), dance music has nothing to say to its devotees. Its scope is extremely limited; indeed, when one considers how palpably narrow that scope is and (as I believe) how incapable dance music is of getting out of its little circle of activity, it is amazing that anyone can make large claims for it. It is just a little decoration of life—perhaps, for many, a means of getting away from life, of forgetting, of allowing the mind to lie fallow, and that, possibly, is its most useful function; but it is, after all, only a recreation, nothing more—like playing cards or ping-pong.

Well, there is nothing there to disturb the musician. If its devotees would only leave it at that, admit the truth, and claim no more for dance music than can be proved, we should not complain. But they make preposterous claims, and appeal to its popularity to bolster them up. Several of Mr. Hylton's statements in the debate were the most appalling *non sequiturs*—just as bad as attempting to claim virtue for dance music because it is popular. Its popularity justifies it as an amusement—that, and nothing more. It is no criterion of its quality. Let us make that point very strongly. Dance music is "popular"; so is Bach. Each is popular with people who like that kind of thing. That is the beginning of all thinking about any kind of popularity. When we come to consider the *value* of liking any particular kind of thing, and comparative values, we are on altogether different ground; and no casual debate can straighten out a philosophy from the tangle of opinions, tastes and prejudices that immediately is woven. We *can* arrive at some conclusions of course—that is what the mind of man is for; but I shall not attempt to do so here. All I want to do is to keep the dance-music lovers to the narrow path of their own making.

But this music may be getting too large a place in the lives of some people. I'm sure any intelligent person, however much he may like that form of amusement, will realise the seriousness of Sir Landon Ronald's statement in the debate, that his students at the Guildhall School of Music hear, outside the school, far more dance music than anything else. It would surely be a pity if this pleasant decoration of life, this spare-time light amusement, were in any way to take the place of solid stuff. I believe musicians are inclined to foam a little too much about it. Then, of course, Mr. Hylton steps in and makes excellent business capital out of rash remarks. But I am afraid dance music is somewhat inimical to real

music, for we allow so little time in our lives for art, and something which seems, to the person who does not know the world of music, an attractive part of it, may easily displace the real thing. So few young people nowadays have developed their power of judgment. All life, looked at in one way, is a process of learning to discriminate; and the big majority of dance lovers haven't learned that. I hope it will not be thought that I imagine it is impossible to appreciate dance music and still to love fine music, to realise the triviality of the former and the greatness of the latter. Some people there must be who can do this, and like to hear both, in their due proportions; but I think they will admit that their kind is not common—that most devotees of the trivial do not care for real music to any great extent.

In the pieces played by Mr. Hylton at the debate, as examples of his wares, we had, of course, dance music on its best behaviour. Well, taking these samples, let me put down a few of the musician's criticisms. Some of the music's weaknesses are:—

1. The rhythm-destroying "clackety-clack" (of the banjo in particular). Much is made of the "rhythm" of dance music. The truth is that it largely lacks real rhythmic life, which, like all other forms of life that are valuable, depends largely on a fine adjustment of variety in unity. We see, of course, why dance music must be monotonous. What Mr. Hylton (in his article in the *Musical Times* for September) calls "sustained rhythm" is simply a lack of sufficiently varied and balanced rhythms. "Rhythm" and "time" are not the same thing. The dance music defender always uses the former word when he ought to use the latter. Take one of the simplest of real tunes—Handel's *Largo*. Put it on your gramophone and listen to the rhythm of each of the first dozen bars or so. What real rhythmic variety is here!—scarcely two bars alike, yet the tune is finely balanced, both in rhythmic values and in melodic shape. It is going somewhere, and, as William Archer put it when speaking of the building of a play, we can divine whither it is going, but the composer leaves us to wonder how it is to get there. That admirable skill is Handel's, and every good composer's. How often do we feel any interest in the means adopted to get a dance-tune "there"? We know only too well what is coming next, as a rule. On the few occasions when we find we have not anticipated rightly, it is generally because something freakish and disproportioned has been done. But who expects the average hearer of such music to know that?

2. The ridiculous choice of instruments. Mr. Hylton compares the necessarily small size of the dance band with that of the full orchestra. Well, if you can't have a big orchestra, why not have a well-balanced one? Anybody who knows what he is talking about will tell you that the lack of real balance is a striking feature of the constitution of dance bands. It isn't balance that these people desire, of course. What the provider of dance music is after is sensation. The instruments are chosen either for their volume, their power of piercing through other sounds, or the oddity of their sound. Hence the banjos, muted brass (the sheerest vulgarity of all the vulgarities of these bands), and saxophones. The saxophone is a splendid fellow in his proper home—the military band; but how tiresome is his oily tone when not blended in proper proportion with other qualities of sound. No musician would make up a band as does Mr. Hylton—if he were after real music.

3. The monotony of the orchestration, with the namby-pamby tone of the brass, muted. There is amazingly little variety in the use of the instruments; again, a musician's point, one that he notices at once.

4. The almost always very weak harmonisation of the tunes. In the pieces played at the debate, the modulations, for instance, were at once few, far-fetched and feeble.

5. So little happens in dance pieces; they are usually so poorly organised—badly *built*. In a short piece not

much is expected, of course, but all the pieces I have heard have been trivial, from every point of view.

Does not all this (and much more that I might add) show that few real musicians are employed in making dance music? It is like most extremely popular music—poorly made. But only the person who knows what well-made music is can usefully criticise it.

We shall probably hear from Mr. Hylton, in injured tones, of the "great musicians" he and others employ. It won't do; by their works they are known, as we all are; and those works are, taking them by and large, thin and feeble and naked.

We really can't allow Mr. Hylton that grand phrase "symphonised syncopation," either. Syncopation is just one element in music. You can't symphonise it, any more than you can dramatise a person's taking sugar in his tea. Dance music has nothing in common with symphonic music, either in size or sweetness, emotional power or brain power. Dance music is a thing for an idle hour, but symphonic music is for the delight of the spirit and the recreation and nourishment of the inner life of man. It can amuse us, but it has far more in it than mere amusement. To enjoy it need not be a toil, but those who come anew to it must be prepared to find most of it different from light, ephemeral music in two ways; it is more complex, and more subtle. How can a person who is only used to short, simple, tinkly pieces get much out of a symphonic movement lasting ten minutes or a quarter of an hour? It's not sensible to expect him to get more than perhaps a few snatches of tune, some vague emotional stir, and a general impression (if the music has real matter in it) of dramatic life. If he gets even that much out of a Beethoven symphony at first hearing he is doing jolly well, and should stick to it. We musicians do get rather impatient with some dance music enthusiasts who grumble because they cannot get any satisfaction out of one hearing of a highly organised work. As well might a golfer break his clubs because in his first week on (or in) the turf he can't put the ball exactly where he wants it. If one doesn't happen to have had practice in attending to music (*listening*, as distinguished from merely hearing), but is really interested about it, one can step on from one thing to another, and find enormous pleasure and interest all the way. That, obviously, is how the musician goes about it; and he is to be seen enjoying himself, when he has gone a little way, up to the hilt. But some effort is necessary.

For anyone to gird at classical music as dull, simply shows that he hasn't begun to look into it—hasn't given it a fair chance. Of course, if people don't want to do that, all the musician can say to them is that he's sorry, but hopes they may care to try it some day; meanwhile, will they be so good as to hold their peace about something they don't understand?

Mr. Hylton spoke of the necessity of "moving on" in music. "There is no finality in musical expression," he said. Agreed. But do let us avoid the so frequent mistake of blandly assuming that change is synonymous with progress. It may be, but often it clearly isn't. A lot of young composers have lately been busy writing music vastly different from that written up to say, the end of last century. Most of their new music is, to the vast majority of thoughtful music-lovers, poor and bodiless. Mr. Hylton quotes some of them as "composers of eminence"—Milhaud, Bliss, Stravinsky, and two others whom we respect more. These three give precious little satisfaction to most of us—always excepting the earlier and really delightful Stravinsky works. They cut out emotion, and give us little but the husks of music.

Mere change means scarcely anything in music. It is certainly not a virtue in itself. It is what you do with your new ideas that matters. I think not only that the dance people are doing scarcely anything with their ideas, but that those ideas are poor and tawdry—just such ideas as tasteless people serve up for others equally tasteless. Mr. Hylton defends the perverting of the melodies of real composers. If he thinks like that, what good is argument? You either feel in your bones that a jazzed version of a fine old melody is decent, or that it is indecent. And if other people's feeling and thought have no weight against your commercial gain, no wise man will argue with you.

After all is said and done, this dance music purveying is simply a business, carried on after the plan so widely approved nowadays, of selling willingly whatever can by any means be sold. If Mr. Hylton and his admirers feel that these are harsh words, I will put it, more politely, that the capacity for self-deception as to the quality and importance of his goods and his motives, with which providence has armed the man of "big business," seems by a beneficent stroke to have been most beautifully proportioned to the credulity of his customers.

K. K.



GRAMOPHONE TIPS

1927 Edition, written and published by H. T. BARNETT, M.I.E.E.

(1s. post free)

Last January Captain Barnett brought his 1925 edition of this now famous little publication up to date with an article in *THE GRAMOPHONE*. This year there have been so many important developments that a new edition has been necessary, and it is hardly necessary to add that "H.T.B." has packed an amazing amount of material into his 46 pages. He mentions every conceivable aspect of gramophones, records, needles, and sound-boxes in his usual trenchant style; and since he already has a big following among our readers of his monthly "New Poor Records" column, and since he has so

many friendly things to say about *THE GRAMOPHONE* in his book, we need only urge everyone to get a copy at once from our London Office. The designer of the Peridulce gramophone and of the Euphonic needle has of course views of his own on these and many other subjects; it is possible that he does not see eye to eye with our Expert Committee on all technical points; but it is safe to say that nowhere but in "Gramophone Tips" can such a mass of valuable information be obtained at present. We wish our old friend and contributor the best of luck with his enterprise.

"THE WORLD'S MUSIC" SERIES

The Gramophone interviews the Editor of the new series of "Pianola" and "Duo-Art" Rolls

HE has, I suppose, one of the most curious flats in London. One room is filled with all the musical books he can find, in four languages, and with a comprehensive filing system. Another is filled with musical scores, thousands of them, alphabetically arranged.

There are stacks of gramophone records. ("Every British published record of any piece of 'worth while' music," he assured me. I made a test or two, and felt inclined to believe him!) And there is a huge card index that will tell you in a moment what is right or wrong with each ("Bars 66 and 67 omitted in first movement, and the clarinet slightly sharp in bar 91"—that sort of thing).

And in all these rooms are to be seen busy helpers—Mr. W. R. Anderson (a frequent contributor to *THE GRAMOPHONE*), who lately left the editorship of *The Music Teacher* to join him; Mr. A. C. Praeger, formerly manager of Stainer & Bell, the music publishers; Mr. W. McNaught, late editor of *The School Music Review*, and one of the music critics of *The Morning Post*, Mr. C. M. Crabtree, whose initials appear sometimes in *THE GRAMOPHONE*, and, of course, secretaries and shorthand typists in proportion.

This, then, is Mr. Scholes' equipment for his work of writing books for gramophonists and others, compiling the annotations for *The Radio Times* (for the B.B.C. now provides for its listeners the same sort of help that the Queen's Hall gives to "Prom" patrons), and doing all manner of musical educational work.

But what especially concerned me when I visited him was the equipment of another room, and the largest on the premises. It is walled round with ranges of shelves containing, I was told, every Duo-Art music roll in existence in Britain or America ("Not rag-time and cheap stuff of that sort," he explained, "but all the decent things you and I or any other intelligent man would care to hear"); it contains a Duo-Art Pianola, a classified collection of some hundreds of pictures of musical interest, a card catalogue of about ten thousand more such pictures to be found in the various volumes of the library, a lady secretary, and—the Editor of "The World's Music" Series himself.

"And what is 'The World's Music' Series?"

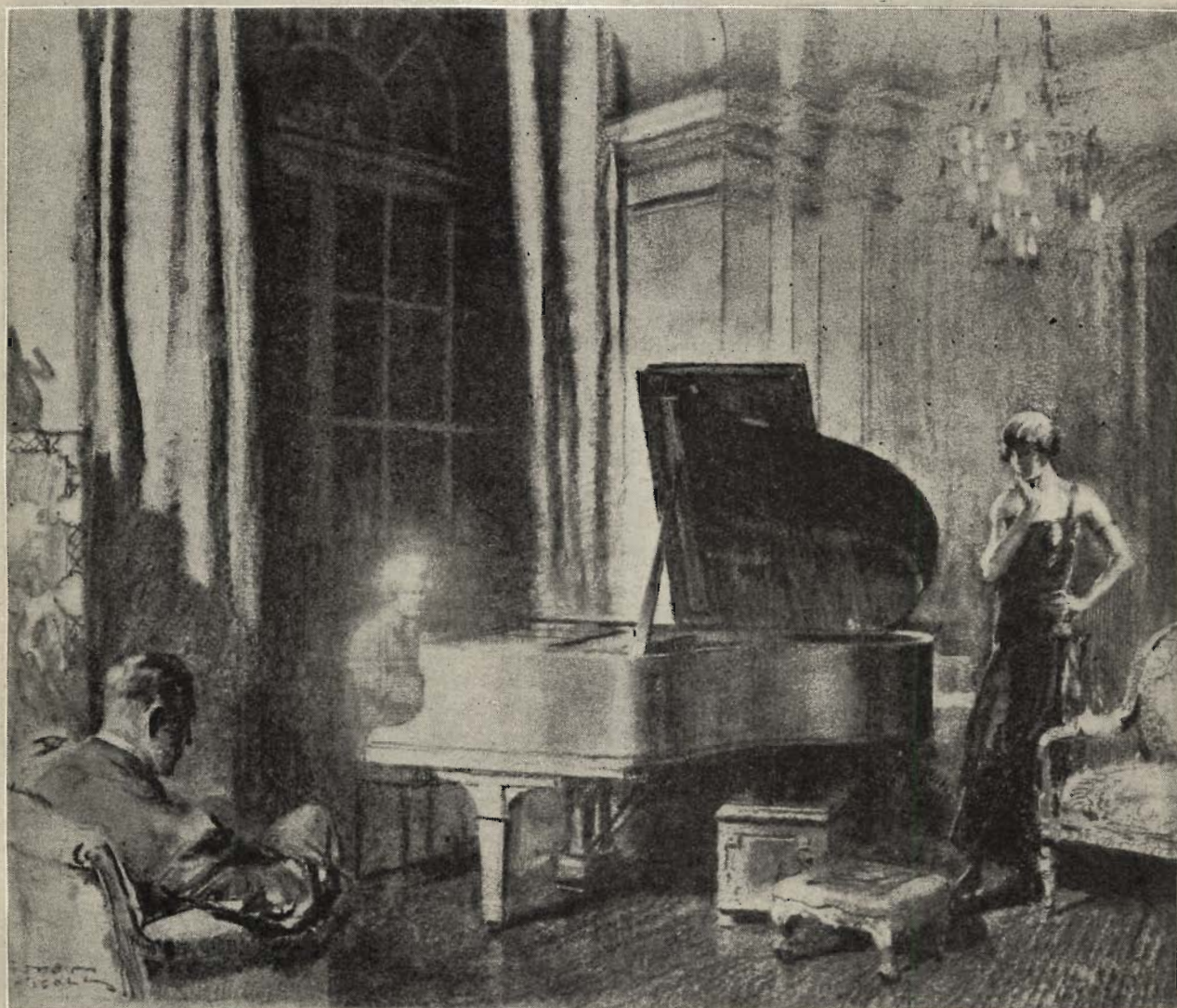
"'The World's Music' Series," he replied, "is the thing of which you of *THE GRAMOPHONE* felt the need three years ago, when you made that plucky attempt to bring into existence a 'Player-Piano Supplement' and found that the player-pianists

were either not numerous enough or not intelligent enough to support it. In America ninety-five per cent. of the people who buy a piano buy a player-piano. Here five per cent. do so. In America the keen, intelligent musician has as his domestic instrument one that he can either play himself or call at will upon Paderewski to play; here a fair proportion of that tiny five-per-cent. fraction still merely buy their player-piano so that they can have dance music when they want. A most wonderful means of providing fine musical performances in home, school, and in university has in this country been shamefully neglected, and so when you sank time, money, and energy in the attempt to provide the player-piano with a monthly journal you failed. Years ago Ernest Newman edited a capital journal of that sort, the *Player-Piano Review*, but it only ran a year or two. This country is only in 1926 awakening to the fact that the player-piano is a genuine musical instrument of the highest value.

"But it is awakening. Look at the universities. There are Duo-Art Pianolas and a proper provision of rolls in Cambridge University and Dublin University. London University has just equipped a special room in this way and the formal opening ceremony takes place in a few days. The instruments are to be found at Harrow and Charterhouse, Marlborough, Oundle, and Stowe, and other public schools will soon follow. They are in the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College of Music, and the Guildhall School of Music. There are already even two or three elementary schools in the London area possessing them, and the promise of the future is that hundreds of such schools will adopt this handy means of fine musical performance. The Pianola Duo-Art is simply the piano with most uses. It is not a luxury or a fad, but a piece of what ought to be the normal equipment of every educational institution and every musical home. The movement in this direction is now pretty rapid. Wait twelve months and try again with a player-piano journal, and you may at last succeed—that is, if you conduct it as intelligently as you conduct *THE GRAMOPHONE*."

"Thank you!" I replied. "That is cheering. But to return to my first question—What is 'The World's Music' Series?"

"Has it ever struck you," he asked in return, "that Pianola rolls are made of paper? And that paper is a substance upon which you can print? And that printing may include letterpress, musical notation and pictorial illustrations? For two



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years we've been working on that idea—to make the Pianola roll not merely the medium of *performing* music, but also the medium of explaining it.

"Here, for instance" (unrolling sixty or seventy yards of paper), "is a Biographical Roll of Brahms. Sir Henry Hadow has compiled it, and is now at work on a similar roll of Schubert. In letterpress he briefly tells the story of the composer's life and musical career. Then he gives abundant pictorial illustrations—photographs of the composer, his family, and his friends, and his homes and haunts, the sort of thing that makes the man 'live' in the readers' imagination. Then he discusses the style of the composer's music, the 'influences' that came into it, and so forth, illustrating every point with apt musical illustrations, all of them both in notation and performed by a group of famous pianists. Finally he calls upon one of these pianists (Nikisch, in the case of the Brahms Roll) to play us a complete composition of the master. And so the roll ends. It is surely an attractive introduction to a great composer.

"And here is what we call an Analytical Roll. Dr. McEwen, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, takes Mendelssohn's 'Andante and Rondo Capriccioso,' and shows us first the subject matter and its treatment, Josef Hofmann playing the illustrations and, finally, the piece as a whole.

"And here is a 'Running Comment' roll, in which Sir Landon Ronald, by means of marginal remarks printed at the side of the perforations that produce the music, elucidates the construction of the piece and calls attention to its beauties.

"Here, too, is an Annotated Roll, in which Sir Hugh Allen introduces a Bach Overture by a few well-thought-out paragraphs, and Mr. Norman Janes, A.R.E., adds to our interest in the music by a clever wood engraving showing Bach in the act of conducting his forces.

"Then we have rolls especially for school use—school song rolls, 'rhythmic training' rolls, and the like.

"And, finally, we have at last a valuable present for every Pianolist in the shape of a practice roll, designed by Mr. Reginald Reynolds, himself a virtuoso player, to teach the newcomer, in the course of his first fortnight or so, how to make music instead of those mechanical noises that have so often discredited the instrument.

"Every musician to whom this scheme has been explained is enthusiastic about it, and all are helping us. We have rolls in existence or in preparation compiled by great conductors like Sir Henry Wood and Sir Hamilton Harty and Mr. Albert Coates and Dr. Adrian Boult. Naturally these have undertaken the exposition of orchestral music in the form of Pianola or Duo-Art reproductions. Sir Richard Terry has annotated a number of Schubert rolls. Mr. Ernest Newman is preparing a very

comprehensive set of Wagner rolls; Mr. Edwin Evans, rolls of modern music (Stravinsky, Prokofief, and the like). Sir Alexander Mackenzie (Chairman of the recently-formed Honorary Advisory Committee on the Educational Use of Player-Piano rolls) has compiled a scholarly yet easily written biographical treatment of Beethoven, and Sir Walford Davies is compiling special rolls of certain Beethoven compositions.

"Eminent French composers and writers on music like Vincent d'Indy, Widor, Ravel, Roger Ducasse, Paul Dukas, Jean Chantavoine, Louis Aubert, Noël Gallon, I. Philipp, J. G. Prod'homme and Paul Vidal are making themselves responsible for the treatment of French music, ancient and modern. Leading Spanish musicians are doing the same for Spanish music. The best Belgian musical writers are on our list of contributors, and so are the best American writers.

"Musical educationists of the highest standing like Dr. Arthur Somervell, Geoffrey Shaw, Stewart Macpherson, and Ernest Fowles are there. Pretty well all the leading London and provincial music critics are numbered in our ranks. But I don't want to fill up your pages with a list, so I will only say that if there is a name you *expect* to see in the catalogue it is almost certainly one of the names you *will* see, for we have asked all the best men and have had no refusals.

"But, indeed, how could they refuse? The scheme is so obviously a sound one.

"I can't say that in my somewhat varied career as a musical worker I have ever had to help to organise any scheme quite so vast as this, and I have certainly never been engaged in any task in the success of which I have had such entire confidence.

"Pray tell your readers (enlightened musical people, who recognise, and profit by the fact that in this 20th century science has come to the aid of art), that we look to them first of any section of the general public, to grasp the significance of what we are trying to accomplish, and to give us that early support that will constitute our greatest encouragement.

"THE GRAMOPHONE is a pioneer paper, and we, too, are pioneers."

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THE PLAYER-PIANO WORLD

By SYDNEY GREW

THE last few years will be known in the history of the player-piano as the period when the electric reproducing piano first became thoroughly familiar in England. The great Welte reproduction had been known here for probably twenty-five years. This, the original of the later reproductions, and still unsurpassed in all vital respects, had been spread about the country by Steinway and Sons, in whose pianofortes it was incorporated, and there must be several thousands of the Steinway-Welte instruments in use. One ducal establishment, in fact, has two or three—one, as I understand, in the servants' hall. But it was mostly in such establishments—in the homes of well-to-do people—that this instrument was used in the early days. It was expensive. Its music-rolls were the same. Perhaps even the comparative rarity of electric power had something further to do in keeping the demand for the Welte "select." Certain it is, that before the war the electric reproducing piano was not known even by name to the general world of musical amateurs, even to those owning the ordinary player-piano. Yet already some of the great composers and pianists had approved of it; and we can to-day hear men like Grieg and Debussy play their music to us by means of the Welte.

I myself first came into contact with electric reproduction about 1914, when rumours moved about the country that the Aeolian Company were bringing out an instrument which "did away with the trouble of pedalling." I have no occasion here to say anything of the horror which seized me. The "trouble of pedalling" is something like the trouble of eating food, and it is consequently the trouble of doing something both pleasurable and profitable. It is the necessary condition of a kind of musical performance, as performance is distinct from the simple act of musical listening. The "Duo-Art" of the Aeolian Company admittedly has a device whereby you can sit at the instrument and control what is called a "personal expression"; but the result is something that can satisfy only those people who are satisfied with the result.

Shortly after the war the Aeolian Company began a great publicity campaign for the electric "Duo-Art," and by this means they made the reproducing piano almost as well-known as the ordinary player-piano. They have given orchestral concerts of the first importance, with Beecham, Landon Ronald, and Hamilton Harty conducting, the Hallé, London Symphony, and City of Birmingham orchestras playing, and the "Duo-Art" rendering forth the recorded performances made

by great pianists of the solo part of concertos. The Company have further toured the country with a little play called "When Music Comes," in which the domestic virtues of their instrument are very pleasantly displayed.

The firm of Blüthner and Company have identified themselves with the reproducing mechanism of the Hupfeld Company, whose library of music-rolls (named the Animatic) is the largest, finest and most representative of all in the world. The fine player of Hupfeld's has long been used in the Blüthner pianos. A couple of years ago this German company tried to establish themselves individually in England; but general conditions were so bad that the venture developed unsatisfactorily, and the entire matter was conveyed over to Blüthner's—wisely, as I personally think, and for the eventual good of player and reproduction art in this country. There is a device in the Hupfeld mechanism of the electric piano by which we can achieve quite reasonably good "personal expression," if we want to be rid of "the trouble of pedalling."

The most striking proof of the change that has come over the normal attitude towards the electric piano, is Bechstein's acceptance of it. The London house of the Bechstein Piano Company, of which Mr. Max Lindlar has been the head for more than forty years, and who, I believe, has always favoured the player-piano, announced about a year ago that at last the famous Bechstein instrument was to open itself to the embraces of the hitherto rejected player-piano. The action admitted is the Welte, which means that we can now have this in both Steinway and Bechstein pianos. Mr. Bockisch, the inventor of the Welte, has made certain modifications of the finger appliances which bring the Bechstein-Welte into close agreement with English habits of player performance, and the complete instrument is a very finely satisfying thing indeed. (It may be remarked in passing that the Steinway piano is provided with the "Duo-Art" action as well as with the Welte.)

In this present note I am not called on to speak of the quality of the art of electric reproduction. But I do not mind admitting that I have listened at concerts where a pianist and the electric instrument have played, and that more than once I have not been able to say which was which. Reproduction has already reached so remarkable a stage of perfection, that it is only by concentrating the attention on the middle notes of full chords that a musician can be reasonably sure of determining whether the performance be by hand or electricity—by this, and by a certain clang in the accented lower notes.

S. G.

DANCE NOTES

By M. W. W.

"GOOD DANCING" is the Christmas wish that seems appropriate, and if it is to be dancing to the gramophone I don't doubt that the wish will be fulfilled. There are such marvellous records nowadays and so many of them, and, on the whole, so few duds, that any reader who has followed Richard Herbert's notes during the last six months will have no difficulty in collecting an evening's dance music without a single dull moment. Unfortunately, I cannot give any advice about the records which will be coming out in December because we go to press too early for me to hear them, and I have not even seen some of the lists; but I can add to my notes in the November number some further issues which arrived too late, and the mid-November records of H.M.V. and Columbia.

The theatre box office managers are extraordinarily kind in letting me see shows of which there are gramophone records, and though at the moment of writing I have not seen either "Sunny," or "Queen High" or "Princess Charming," I have to thank the managements for sending me tickets for "Blackbirds," "Just a Kiss," "Tiptoes," and "The Co-optimists."

"Blackbirds" at the London Pavilion is a fascinating show, a medley of song and dance which never flags for a moment. The Overture is one of the best things in it, which might well have been recorded in full as an example of rhythm in syncopation. I trust that Mr. Basil Maine and "K. K." will go to hear it hand in hand. Florence Mills is inimitable in all that she does; her "I'm a Little Blackbird" is a sheer joy; so is the silent singing and almost silent dancing of Johnny Hudgins; so is the part-singing and the ensemble dancing of the rest of this so-called coloured company—such a sheer joy that I decline to recommend any of the scattered records of the tunes that I have heard. I want the authentic records of the original artists and the Blackbirds Orchestra!

In "Tiptoes" at the Winter Garden Theatre there are many gems of singing and dancing too. Laddie Cliff, fresh from his dancing lessons in America—what on earth can they teach him?—and Dorothy Dickson are as brilliantly refreshing as ever, and John Kirby (who is new to me) is a great acquisition. The best tunes are now being whistled everywhere in the streets; and from the first Columbia issues of George Gershwin's own piano versions of them a succession of records has followed. I went nap on the Brunswick record of *That Certain Feeling* and

Looking for a Boy (3035, 3s.) in the last number. The former is coupled with *Sweet and Low Down* by Paul Whiteman on H.M.V., B.5100 (3s.) which is first rate. Try also Zono. 2787 and Winner 4475 (2s. 6d. each); and for *When do we Dance?* I like Regal G.8672 (2s. 6d.). The Savoy Orpheans have done a good medley on H.M.V., B.5108 (3s.).

"Just a Kiss" at the Shaftesbury—a musical farce from the French "Pas sur la Bouche"—is light and amusing. *Shake a Shoulder* and *Charleston, Charleston, show me the way* are both recorded by H.M.V. and no doubt by the other companies before these lines appear; but the Actuelle records (including *But not with me*, or *Ca c'est gentil*) were first in the field.

As for "Sunny," the records are already legion. For *Who* I recommended H.M.V., B.5129 (3s.), Col. 4100 (3s.) and Aco G.16077 (2s. 6d.) last month. Each of these is excellent, but perhaps the delicious catch in the throat of the trombone in the H.M.V. version makes it my favourite. I have heard no frankly bad records of any of the "Sunny" tunes.

I spent a cheerful evening at the Metropole, listening to the Midnight Follies, including the beloved Elsa Macfarlane, and to the skill of Jay Whidden and his band. It is a first-rate show, especially the skit on Augustus John and his models; and I had never really fallen to George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* till I heard and saw it performed with the appropriate decor. It is wonderful to watch Jay Whidden luring the diners from their tables in the intervals to join in waltzes, fox-trots, and Charlestons. He has them under a spell from start to finish.

Now for the records:—

ACTUELLE (2s. 6d.).

Easily the best of these records this time is 11162, *Bye Bye Blackbird* (fox-trot, V.) (Lew Gold and his Orchestra) with *I'd climb the highest mountain* (fox-trot, V.) (Lanin's Arcadians) on the other side. These are two good tunes and are both well rendered.

11154.—*Charleston Charleston* and *Shake a little Shoulder*, two good fox-trots out of "Just a Kiss," played by Victor Stirling and his Band.

Here are the others:—

11156.—*Ukulele Dream Girl* (fox-trot, V.) and *When its June down there* (fox-trot) (Victor Stirling and his Band).

11161.—*No Fooling* (fox-trot, V.) (Billy Wynne's Orchestra) and *At Peace with the World* (fox-trot, V.) (Harry Reser and his Orchestra).

11157.—*So is your old lady* (fox-trot, V.) and *I never see Maggie alone* (fox-trot, V.) (Victor Stirling and his Band).

11164.—*When its Twilight on Missouri* (waltz, V.) and *Le me call you sweetheart* (waltz) (Utopia Waltz Orchestra).

11155.—*Picardy* (fox-trot, V.) and *Chinese Moon* (fox-trot) (Victor Stirling and his Band).

11158.—*What! No Spinach?* (fox-trot, V.) and *Who taught you this, Who taught you that?* (fox-trot, V.) (Victor Stirling and his Band).

BELTONE (2s. 6d.).

There are only two of these records, but both are good. 1081, *Making believe I'm glad* (V.), an excellent waltz with *When it's June down there* (V.), a good fox-trot, on the reverse side, and 1078, *D'y'e love me* (waltz) and *Who* (fox-trot), two good tunes out of "Sunny," played by the Avenue Dance Orchestra.

BRUNSWICK (3s.).

These are not so brilliant as last month, but here are the best:—
3253.—*Baby Face* (fox-trot, V.) and *Who wouldn't* (fox-trot, V.) (Ben Selvin and his Orchestra).

3220.—*Roses remind me of you* (fox-trot; this has a passage for steel guitar) and *My little nest* (fox-trot, V.; amusing) and *Hotel McAlpin* (Orchestra).

3271.—*Someone is losing Susan* (fox-trot, V.) and *Calling me home* (fox-trot, V.) (Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra).

3254.—*How could Red Riding Hood?* (fox-trot, V.; amusing) and *When you dunk a doughnut, don't it make it nice* (fox-trot, V.) (Six Jumping Jacks).

2997.—*Who* (fox-trot, V.) and *Sunny* (fox-trot) (Harry Archer and his Orchestra).

3241.—*Ace in the hole* (fox-trot), this has quite an original setting, and *Mandy* (fox-trot, V.) (Abe Lyman's California Orchestra).

COLUMBIA (3s.).

The mid-month's issues contain a racy and original *Clicquot* and *I'm in love with you* by the Clicquot Club Eskimos (4136), and two records by Jay Whidden and his Midnight Follies Band (4138 and 4139), of which I prefer the latter, though the former contains that good tune *Lonely Acres*. Jay Whidden's singing is, of course, the feature, easy and unstrained. Percival Mackey's Band play the two "Just a Kiss" tunes as well as most (4137) and the Denza Dance Band is loudly orthodox in 4132, 4133, 4134 and 4135; I should pick out 4134, *Her beaus are only rainbows* and *Do you believe in dreams*, as the best.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE (3s.).

There is nothing very outstanding in this lot, so I will just give a list in order of merit:—

B.5145.—*Oh, if I only had you* and *My Cutey's due at two to two to-day* (Ted Weems and his Orchestra). These are full of life.

B.5147.—*Baby Face* (fox-trot) and *How many times* (fox-trot, V.) (Savoy Orpheans). Two quite good tunes.

B.5146.—*Brown eyes in your dreams* (fox-trot) and *Silver Rose* (fox-trot) (The Kit-Cat Band). The latter is one of the chief tunes out of "Blackbirds."

B.5148.—*Rising Sun* (fox-trot), this is rather nice, and *Me too* (fox-trot) (Jack Hylton and his Orchestra).

B.5144.—*I may be dancing with somebody else* (fox-trot, V.) (Savoy Orpheans) and *Do you forget* (waltz), this is rather slow (Savoy Havana).

B.5143.—*My Carmenita* (one-step, V.) and *Song of love* (fox-trot) (Savoy Orpheans).

B.5142.—*June Rose* (fox-trot) and *That night in Araby* (fox-trot) (Jack Hylton's Kit-Cat Band).

IMPERIAL (2s.).

The best of these, I think, is 1656, *Ukulele dream man* (V.) and *Because you could have had me once* (V.) (Teddy Brown and Café de Paris Band). Two good fox-trots, well played, with the famous xylophone passages.

Here are the rest:—

1655.—*Two little bluebirds* ("Sunny") (fox-trot, V.) and *Sweet and low down* ("Tip Toes") (fox-trot) (Teddy Brown and Café de Paris Band).

1654.—*Take her the longest way round* (fox-trot, V.), a good swinging tune, and *When it's twilight on Missouri* (waltz, V.) (Greening's Dance Orchestra).

1652.—*In a little garden* (fox-trot, V.), good, and *That night in Araby* (fox-trot, V.) (Sam Lanin and his Dance Orchestra).

1653.—*Blue Bonnet* (fox-trot) and *Bye Bye Blackbird* (fox-trot, V.) (Sam Lanin and his Dance Orchestra).

1651.—*When the Red Red Robin* (fox-trot, V.) and *Me too, Ho-Ho! Ha-Ha!* (fox-trot, V.) (Sam Lanin and his Dance Orchestra).

In the ACO December list the best are by Harry Bidgood's Orchestra in *Baby Face* and *What! No Spinach?* (G.16103), *Babying You* and *Ev'ry little Maid* from "Princess Charming" (G.16101), and a good medley of popular dances (G.16104 and 16105), 2s. 6d. each.

In the VOCALION list try the following: Billy Mayerl and his Orchestra in X.9910 and 9911, and Don Parker and his Band in X.9908 and 9909, 3s. each.

The most popular tunes at the moment of writing are said to be: *I'm lonely without you*, *Chinese Moon*, *Breezin' along with the Breeze*, *The Jig Walk*, *Deep Henderson*, *Hard to get*, *Gertie*, *Charlestonette*, *How could Red Riding Hood*, *You gotta know how to love*, and *Ace in the Hole*. But I must add *When the red, red robin* to this list, especially as the Prince of Wales is said to have asked for it (and for *Billy Boy*, which is not likely to become a dance tune) when he heard Nick Lucas sing the other evening.



ROUND AND ROUND

By THE LONDON EDITOR

ONE of the shattering thoughts which has haunted me while doing the donkey work of preparing this Christmas Number for the press has been the knowledge that many readers will insist on tearing out all the advertisements before they put the copy into their "spring-back" binder. A murrain on them! They have bullied me for the last three years to put all the advertisements in positions whence they can be removed without interference with the reading matter, and like a coward I have tried to humour them. But it cuts me to the heart every month, and I take a shame-faced delight occasionally in outwitting them by putting an advertisement where it must remain for all time in the bound volume.

Will any waste-paper baskets be decked with these orange and black masterpieces, I wonder? Gentle reader, forbear. Keep this number intact even if never before, never again. It represents the gramophone world of the moment; it is almost a complete survey; it is almost a historical document. Great pains have been taken by honest folk in the designing and printing, so that you may often refer to these pages with pleasure for an address, a model or gadget, a date or a price. I feel that somehow I must tell our readers how splendidly our advertisers have always treated us of THE GRAMOPHONE. Sometimes a new advertiser in his innocence has mentioned "a write-up," but he has never mentioned it twice. It is perfectly understood by all in the

trade that if they have the goods to sell, we want to help them to find their public; and it is equally well understood by our readers that our advertisers are reliable and efficient. In all our history I have only seen four complaints about our advertisers. They were all about one firm, and when I made enquiries in each case I found that the firm was suffering from a surfeit of business: insufficient staff to cope with correspondence which was almost entirely due to advertising in THE GRAMOPHONE. Another firm frankly said: "We don't want to advertise for a month or two; we are very sorry; we'll pay for the space, if you like, but the fact is that we have got so many orders through THE GRAMOPHONE that we are booked up for months ahead."

All this is very satisfactory, and it is only right that we should "tell the world," but my especial object in writing these words to thank the trade for invariable courtesy and enthusiasm is at the same time to urge the claims of our advertisers upon our readers for primary consideration when anything has to be bought. In this number will be found the answer to every requirement. There may be one or two firms of honourable standing in the gramophone world who have not thought it advisable to co-operate in this Christmas Number, but they are so few as to gain a distinction by their chosen isolation, and they will have their reward from the public—still lamentably large—which does not rely solely on THE GRAMOPHONE as its guide.

The Editor deals elsewhere with the progress and alertness and vitality of the gramophone trade in the last twelve months, and my pleasure here is merely to point out to our public—especially to our readers in the provinces and overseas—how the market stands and how it caters for our growing needs on the evidence of our advertisement pages.

Of gramophones, large and small, good and bad, cheap and expensive, there is no end. The catalogue for EEL gramophone main springs is an amazing indication of this; there are over 200 different types of gramophone motor mentioned, each one with its own special type of spring. That catalogue, by the way, has an excellent motto which, in the interest of sound trade, might well be broadcast from the housetops: "There is hardly anything in the world that some man cannot make a little worse and sell a little cheaper, and the people who consider price only are this man's lawful prey." On another page our Expert Committee give some hints on buying a gramophone, and suggest a few tests which should be applied. Taking PORTABLES first of all, we have the new *H.M.V.* (£7), which last year set a new standard in portables, followed soon afterwards by the *Cliftophone* (£5 5s.) and the *Vocalion* (£4 17s. 6d.), and now by the new telematic *Decca* (£4 to £9) which will probably be as ubiquitous as

its predecessor, the diminutive *Mikiphone* (Keith Prowse, £2 15s.), the very interesting and novel *Pearlstone* (Jaccard, £4 4s.), the *Apollo Roma* (£2 17s. 6d. to £5 10s.) and the new *Columbia* (£5 5s.). Within the obvious limitations of a portable gramophone, every one of these has attained a standard of reproduction which was not thought possible a year or two ago. Then we have TABLE MODELS for the small dwelling-room or the sick-room to suit all purses. The *Columbias* range in price from £4 15s. (No. 116) to £9 10s. (No. 120), and of these model 120 is perhaps as efficient as any of the larger *Columbia* models. The *Orchorsol* company have now improved the model which won the gold medal at the Caxton Hall tests by the addition of a lid and their new sound-box—a most efficient table model for £12. The more highly finished model in mahogany (C 8) is likewise fitted with the new sound-box and is sold at £19 10s. (mahogany) and £18 (oak). The *Apollo* Company have a number of models from £2 8s. to £5 10s. (oak) or £6 10s. (mahogany), the latter of which was so favourably reported on by our Expert Committee in September. The *Cliftophone* produce four table models with the usual special features at prices ranging from £7 10s. to £20. Then there is the *Peridulce*, the instrument designed and fostered by Capt. Barnett, and last but not by any means least the new *H.M.V.* range (£7 10s. to £20); those of our readers who attended the wonderful exhibition at Harrods last month will not need any assurance regarding the beautiful workmanship in these models, so we will only remark that in our opinion model 126 (£18 oak, £20 mahogany) is probably the best of this range, tonally. In the PEDESTAL MODELS each of the firms before-mentioned have a most comprehensive list both as regards size and price. The *Apollos* range from £6 15s. to £27 (the Expert Committee recommended No. 93 R with special motor—£12 plus £1 13s. extra), the *H.M.V.*'s from £20 (new model 156) to £50 in mahogany or £45 in oak (model 511), the *Columbias* from £14 10s. (No. 125) to £25 (No. 127), the *Cliftophones* from £17 10s. (No. 4 A) to £75 (No. 1), the *Orchorsol* from 35 to 50 guineas, and the *Peridulce* from 17 guineas. In this category we also have the *Micro-Perophone* (£9 to £11 11s.) on which the Expert Committee reported last month, the new *Dousona* (£12 12s.) which our Expert Committee declare to be even better than the model which called forth their eulogies twelve months ago, and the *U-Phone*, which is making quite a name for itself in the north country. We must not forget, too, that the *Vocarola* is sold by the Gramophone Exchange, that Mr. Ginn is always improving his *E.M.G.* hand-made machines to suit the gramophile and that Mr. Vritz makes special pedestal models from £25 upwards into which he puts all the knowledge and skill so familiar to our readers. There remain—what? The EXTERNAL HORN

MODELS, so beloved of the gramophone fans, remarkably efficient reproducers at very low prices. *Apollo* produce one at £3 (single spring) or £3 18s. (double spring). *Columbia* produce one with their new No. 8 sound-box at £4 15s. (single spring) and *H.M.V.* still produce their school model with No. 2 sound-box and double-spring motor at £12 10s. and their table model 25 with Exhibition sound-box and quadruple-spring motor at £8 10s. Finally, we have the newcomer into the gramophone world, the PANATROPE, upon which the Expert Committee report on another page. This is manufactured by the British Brunswick Company.

This, it will be agreed, is quite a formidable list, and the question where these instruments can be seen and heard must arise in everyone's mind. For overseas readers the question seems incapable of satisfactory answer, and I can only advise that they should be guided by the critical and impartial views of our Expert Committee in their reports which are published from time to time. Manufacturers are now submitting their models for report in greater numbers than ever before, and the Committee's task is becoming more arduous and difficult. But they do their utmost to preserve a balanced judgment, unaffected by personal, commercial, or like considerations, and in this they have the whole-hearted support of THE GRAMOPHONE and, I hope, of its readers and advertisers. For provincial readers the problem is easier. *H.M.V.* and *Columbia* have recognised dealers in almost every town, and many of the others have provincial connections. Everyone who has an opportunity should hear the instruments for himself. The views of an experienced body like our Expert Committee are best used as a sign-post to what is good; the choice of an instrument must depend upon personal considerations which only the actual buyer can gauge. These remarks apply with even greater force to readers in London and the Home Counties. There are quite a number of dealers who can always be trusted to give every consideration to a customer's needs. At one or other of these any record may be tried whether it be *H.M.V.*, *Columbia*, *Parlophone*, *Vocalion*, *Polydor*, *Brunswick*, *Aco*, *Beltona*, *Imperial*, *Zonophone*, *Duophone*, *Velvet Face*, *Winner*, or *Regal*, whilst each firm has some particular line for which the others do not cater.

In the West End there are *Keith Prowse* salons almost everywhere, at which records of almost every make may be heard on different reproducers, including the Panatrope. Then in that Mecca of gramophiles, Oxford Street, there are three firms of established reputation. In the west there is *Murdoch's*, who have a large stock of records, including every *H.M.V.* and *Columbia* celebrity and every *Beltona*. Practically every gramophone,

including the *Peridulce* can be heard there. In the centre there is the house of *Imhof*, which is probably the oldest retail gramophone establishment in the country. There one has a wide choice of instruments and records, including *Polydors*, and ideal conditions for hearing them. Another notable feature of the firm is the provision they make for overseas customers. This remark applies also to the *Gramophone Exchange* which is situated further east. This has long been the rendezvous of gramophone fans, interested in any and every new gadget and accessory, and is probably the only place in London where *Fonotipia* and *Victor* records can be heard. Close by, behind *St. Martin's Theatre*, is *Collier's* little shop, noted not only as a gramophone hospital where your old machine may be cured of all its ills, but also for the readiness with which any gadget, new or old, can be run to earth. In the City is *Glasscoe's* newly opened shop. Further afield, we have *Orchorsol* in Lambeth Road, who stock *H.M.V.*, *Columbia*, *Vocalion*, and *Parlophone* records, *H.M.V.* and *Orchorsol* gramophones, and a number of useful accessories. Then there is *Cramer's* in Brixton and Kensington, who are making such a success with their "Records on Approval" scheme. Those who live in the western suburbs have Messrs. *Daws Clarke* to cater for them at Bedford Park, a most attractive centre for numerous accessories, and at the other side is Messrs. *K. G. Clark* at 86, Cranbrook Road, Ilford. Nor must we forget to pay a visit to the *Pathé Salon* at the Piccadilly Circus end of Shaftesbury Avenue, where a new range of music may be heard on *Pathé* and *Actuelle* discs.

Of sound-boxes, besides those already mentioned, there are the widest varieties from which to choose: *Astra* (*Gramophone Exchange*), *Augmentone* (*Augmentone Co.*), *Safety Electric* (*Ramsden Green*), *Ruby Emperor* (*F. Jackson*), *Saturn*, *Prizmaophone*, *Luxus* and *Magnet* (*Lecker*), *Velva*, and the specialist *Virtz* boxes have each their own appeal to ear and purse. In the storing of records there is no need to look further afield than to the systems incorporated in the new *Baby Sesame* cabinets (*Boumphrey Arundel and Co.*), *Jussrite* cabinets (*Murdoch Trading Co.*) and the new cabinet advertised by Messrs. *Brown* of Glasgow. Similarly the demand for miniature scores is met fully by the *Eulenburg* (*Goodwin and Tabb*) and *Philharmonia* (*Hawkes and Co.*) catalogues.

This account only touches the fringe of the subject. But let me add that in any perplexity our readers should apply to the London Office (stamped and addressed envelope, please) for advice. They may be ill advised, but not intentionally. They will get at least a candid opinion; and though, as *Horace Smith* said, "candour may be compared to barley-sugar drops, in which the acid preponderates over the sweetness," there is virtue in barley-sugar.

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DICK MENDERSON (the Yorkshire Comedian).

- 1665 { When its Twilight on Missouri (Vincent & Herbert). With
Orchestral Accomp.
Just a Rose in a Garden of Weeds (Jack-Saxe-Stamps). With
Orchestral Accomp.
1682 { Rosie Posie's.
If I Knew I'd Find You.

JOHN THORPE.

This artiste records exclusively for "Imperials."

- 1664 { That Night in Araby (Rose Snyder). With Orchestral Accomp.
Speak (Marelle-Nichols). Piano and Violin Obligato Accomp.
1681 { While the Sahara Sleeps.
Way Down Home.

PETER RUSH.

(Piano and Violin Accomp.)

- 1663 { That Certain Feeling (Ira & G. Gershwin).
Looking for a Boy (Ira & G. Gershwin).

EDDY REED.

(with Orchestral Accomp.)

- 1662 { What! No Spinach? (Tracey-Aitken-Moore).
Let's all go to Mary's House (Conrad & Wood).
1680 { Picardy.
Only for You.
1679 { For Baby and Me.
Hi-Diddle-Dee.

JACK HAY.

- 1678 { I've never seen a Straight Banana.
No, Sir! No, Sir! that's not my Girl.

IRVING KAUFMAN (Tenor Solos).

- 1661 { Who (From "Sunny") (Jerome Kern).
Bye Bye Blackbird (Dixon Henderson).
1660 { Let's Talk about my Sweetie (Kahn-Donaldson).
Sleepy Head (Davis Greer). Sung by Howard Clarke.
1677 { Because I Love You (F. D. & H.).
Sweet Child (I'm wild about you) (F. D. & H.) (Whiting-Lewis-Simon).

Vocal Duets by (a) HARE & JONES, and (b) "RADIO IMPS."

- 1657 { Any Ice To-day, Lady? (a) (Pat Ballard).
Me too, Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! (b) (Tobias Al Sherman).

TOM KINNIBURGH (Bass, with Orch. Accomp.).

This artiste records exclusively for "Imperial" Records.

- 1659 { The Trumpeter (Loder).
The Diver (Airlie Dix).
1676 { Land of Hope and Glory.
Father O'Flynn.

SIGNOR LUIGI CILLA (Tenor).

- 1658 { O Sole Mio (Capurro-Di-Capua).
Mamma, Mia, Che Vo Sape? (Russo Matile).

SIGNOR ENRICO GARCIA.

- 1675 { The Song of the Flea (From Goethe's Faust).
A Chip of the Old Block.

Dances.

The Great TEDDY BROWN AND HIS CAFÉ DE PARIS BAND. (Xylophone Effects.)

- 1566 { Because You Could Have Had Me Once (Glover-Machs-Bernard).
Fox Trot. (Vocal Chorus—Peter Bernard).
Ukelele Dream Man (Stanley & Stamper). Fox Trot. (Vocal
Chorus—L. Rothery).
1555 { Two Little Blue Birds (From "Sunny") (Hammerstein & Kern).
Fox Trot. (Vocal Chorus—L. Rothery).
Sweet and Low Down (From "Tip Toes") (Ira & G. Gershwin).
Fox Trot.
1674 { While the Sahara Sleeps. Fox Trot. (Xylophone Effects.)
Hi-Diddle-Dee. Fox Trot.
1673 { Rosie Posie's. Waltz.
For Baby and Me. Fox Trot. (Xylophone Effects.)

GREENING'S DANCE ORCHESTRA.

- 1654 { When its Twilight on Missouri. Waltz. (Vocal Chorus—
L. Rothery).
Take her the Longest way Round. Fox Trot. (Vocal Chorus—
L. Rothery).

SAM LANIN & HIS DANCE ORCHESTRA.

- 1563 { Blue Bonnet (Bryan-Wendling-Rickman). Fox Trot.
Bye Bye Blackbird. (Dixon Henderson). Fox Trot. (Vocal
Chorus—A. Hall).
1562 { That Night in Araby (Rose Snyder). Fox Trot. (Vocal Chorus—
I. Kaufman).
In a Little Garden (Whittemore-Juln). Fox Trot. (Vocal Chorus
—I. Kaufman).
1651 { When the Red, Red Robin comes Bobbin' Along (H. Woods).
Fox Trot. (Vocal Chorus—A. Fields).
Me Too, Ho-Ho! Ha-Ha! (Woods-Tobias-Sherman). Fox Trot
(Vocal Chorus—A. Fields).
1672 { Let's Talk about my Sweetie. Fox Trot.
Katinka. Fox Trot.

THE FAMOUS ST. HILDA COLLIERY BAND.

World Champions, Crystal Palace Contest, 1926.

- 1670 { Pot-Pourri of Popular Melodies. (Part 1).
(Lawrence Wright Music Co.). (Part 2).
1669 { Glojoso (J. Orde Hume). (March).
Pomposo (J. Orde Hume). (March).

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- 1668 { Adeste Fideles (Oakley-Portugal).
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1667 { Silent Night, Holy Night (Franz Gruber).
Holy Night (C. A. Adam).

- 1666 { The Old Rugged Cross (Rev. Geo. Bernard). Baritone Solo.
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Onward, Christian Soldiers. Male Quartette.
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the oldest makers of Disc Records in Great Britain.

TRANSLATIONS

(Contributed by H. F. V. LITTLE)

WANDERERS NACHTLIED

Poem by Goethe. Music by Schubert, Op. 96, No. 3, and by Liszt.

E. van Endert, Polydor, 14402, 10in., d.s., green.
P. Dobert, Polydor, 14743, 10in., d.s., green.
K. Erb, Odeon, R.X.X.76521, 12in., d.s.

Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh',
O'er every peak reigneth peace,
In allen Wipfeln spürest du
In the tree-tops thou canst hear
Kaum einen Hauch;
Scarce a murmur;
Die Vögelein |: schweigen |: im Walde.
The little birds are silent in the forest.
:| Warte nur, warte nur, balde
Wait, then, wait and soon
Ruhest du auch. :|
Thou too wilt rest.

SANTA LUCIA

Caruso, H.M.V., D.B.142, 12in., d.s., red.
de Gogorza, H.M.V., D.A.185, d.s., red.

:| Sul mare luccica l'astro d'argento,
The silvery moon shines on the sea,
Placida è l'onda, prospero è il vento. :|
Calm is the water, favourable the breeze.
:| Venite all'agile barchetta mia!
Come along to my swift little craft!
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia! :|
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!
:| Con questo zeffiro così soave,
With such a gentle western wind,
O com'è bello star sulla nave! :|
Oh, how lovely it is in a boat!
:| Su, passeggeri, venite via
On board, passengers, off you go!
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!
:| O dolce Napoli, o suol beato,
Oh sweet Naples, oh blessed soil
Ove sorridere volle il creato! :|
On which Creation was pleased to smile!
:| Tu sei l'impero dell'armonia!
You are the realm of harmony!
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

ELFENLIED

Poem by Eduard Mörike.

Music by Hugo Wolf.

E. van Andert, Polydor, 14605, 10in., d.s., green (III., 553).

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief: Elfe!
At night in the village the watchman cries: Elfe! *
Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde schlief—
A wee, tiny elf is asleep in the wood—
Wohl um die Elfe—
Just at that moment—
Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal
And thinks that either in the vale
Bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall,
His name is called by the nightingale
Oder Silpelit hätt' ihm gerufen.
Or that Silpelit† may have called him.
Reibt sich der Elf' die Augen aus,
The elf then rubs his sleepy eyes
Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus,
And from his snail-shell forth he hies,

Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann.
The picture of a drunken man.
Sein Schläfflein war nicht voll getan,
He has not had sufficient sleep
Und humpelt also—tippe tap—
And pit-a-pat he toddles through
Durchs Haselholz ins Tal hinab,
The hazel-grove to the vale below
Schlüpft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
And glides along close by the wall
Da sitzt der Glühwurm, Licht an Licht.
Where glow-worms sit, light after light.
"Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
"What can these wee bright windows mean?
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
Inside, a wedding there must be,
Die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,
With little folk seated at the feast
Und treiben's in dem Saale.
And merrymaking in the hall.
Da guck' ich wohl ein wenig 'nein! "
I really must just peep inside! "
Pfui, stösst den Kopf an harten Stein!
Ugh, his head hits the hard stone wall!
:| Elfe, gelt, du hast genug? Gukuk! :|
I say, elf, is that enough? Gukuk! ‡
Gukuk! Gukuk! Gukuk!!

* "Elfe" in German means either "elf" or "eleven o'clock"; the watchman, of course, meant the latter, but the elf mistook the meaning of his cry.

† A word used in German poetry for an elf's name.

‡ A chuckle at the elf's expense.

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